

# **SACK THE LOT**

THE

# **SATURDAY**

# **REVIEW**

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## **An Unanswerable Argument**

*against the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech at Floors Castle was made by Major Guy Kindersley in a letter to the "Morning Post" entitled:*

### **AN ANALOGY**

**S**UPPOSING the chairman of one of our great industrial companies addressed the shareholders in "annual meeting" in the following terms:

"Throughout all these difficult and anxious weeks it has been made abundantly clear to *your Board* that we have been gravely handicapped by the fact—the knowledge of which is wide-spread among *our competitors*—that *our reserves* have fallen to a dangerously low level. That knowledge has shaken the confidence of our friends in our ability to carry out our obligations, and it has encouraged *our competitors* to think that we can be treated with indifference, if not with contempt."

Except for the substitution of the words in italics, this is an exact reproduction of one of the salient passages from the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer (as reported in the "Morning Post") on the inadequacy of our defensive forces.

After such a statement by the chairman of a company, would any board of directors expect or receive a vote of confidence from the shareholders?



## Britain as the Milch Cow

**M.** LITVINOV has returned to Geneva with a typically farcical proposal. It is to impose penalties of the nature of sanctions not only on Italy but also on all those States of the League which may fail to enforce the immediate severance of their financial and commercial relations with her.

Doubtless he hopes that this **would increase the confusion already produced by the efforts of the Sanctionists.** It is quite evident that a war between the capitalist States of Europe would suit Russia's book admirably and perhaps prove the salvation of Moscow's bankrupt Communism.

But could there be anything more ridiculous than such a system of punishment? If it were carried out we should have a double and perhaps even a treble crop of sanctions in force, dislocating trade and causing unutterable confusion.

**The fact is that the whole scheme of sanctions is likely to collapse.** Austria, Hungary, and Albania are quite definitely and officially outside it, and have refused to have anything to do with it.

**Switzerland might be described as half out,** since she has protested her inability to take any measures which would affect her neutrality. She is certainly not going to cut off the lucrative transit trade between Germany and Italy which passes through her territory.

Unofficially, Soviet Russia, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Turkey have intimated that they cannot risk a complete severance of trade with Italy without ruinous consequences to themselves, for which **they expect some form of compensation.**

Germany, the United States, and Japan, not being in the League, will continue to ship to Italy such of their wares as Italy can pay for (with the sole exception in the case of the United States of arms and munitions). So that the sanctions net is riddled with huge holes, through which everything that Italy wants will slip.

### **Unpleasant Possibilities.**

It is one of the tragic farces at Geneva that Great Britain is to be formally appointed Europe's milch cow. An organ of bellicose Radicalism in this country yesterday let the cat out of the bag by stating that "we must face frankly and generously the giving of assistance to those who are most sharply hit."

The British public may therefore have to prepare for another sixpence in the £ on the income tax as one of the sacrifices required to pay for all this foolery!

But, ridiculous as is the situation at Geneva, there are **unpleasant possibilities** behind it. Many people will recall the warnings given in the House of Commons by Sir Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Baldwin. Sir Austen said on July 11 last that "nothing short of an effective blockade with all that that involved [which he had shortly before explained as war] would make economic sanctions effective."

Mr. Baldwin was just as definite on May 18, 1934, when he said, **"There is no such thing as a sanction that will work that does not mean war; or, in other words, if you are going to adopt a sanction you must be prepared for war."**

The risk of the sanctions process which is so light-heartedly recommended by our jingo Press is that, by the above warnings of our statesmen, it might bring a sudden explosion. For sanctions, however applied, have this grave defect—that they aggravate international friction. Past history shows that in such situations as are now being created **wars have come, taking statesmen by surprise.**

—Daily Mail.

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# Whose Fault Is This, Mr. Chamberlain ?

*In his Glasgow speech, Mr. Chamberlain evidently wishes to pretend that he and his Government have been vainly struggling against overwhelming odds, to arm the Nation, instead of having—as they have done—worked tooth and nail for disarmament*  
—FOR FOUR LONG WEARY YEARS

A few extracts from Mr. Chamberlain's speech—

## On Defences

"I am not sure that this trouble . . . would ever have occurred if this country's defence forces had been stronger . . . The Government has come to the conclusion that we must begin to repair our defences . . . We are satisfied that the time has come when we must speed up the pace again."

## Mr. Chamberlain then remarks—

"When you are facing such a position as that, it seems to me it is essential that the Government of the country should be clothed with unquestionable authority and should be assured of sufficient stability of tenure to be able to carry out its policy to the end."

## To these remarks Lady Houston says—

Whose fault is this, Mr. Chamberlain? In 1932 I pleaded with you: "YOU are the Watchman answerable to God and to your Country for the defence of the Nation. Can you, as Watchman, persist in a measure so fatally dangerous to the safety of your Country?"

## On the League of Nations, Mr. Chamberlain says—

"We are not taking up the cudgels for Abyssinia; this is not merely the fate of Abyssinia; it is a question of the fate of the League itself."

## To this Lady Houston says—

What has the League of Nations ever done for England? except to cost many millions of money and to drag us into quarrelling with countries who were good and faithful friends—No, No, NO, Mr. Chamberlain—get out of the League of Nations and mind your own business and the business of your country which you and your colleagues have shamefully neglected.

## But Lady Houston replies—

On the contrary, the Government have taken upon themselves TOO MUCH authority without consulting the country in the disgraceful dragging down the Defences of the Realm, permitting the ruin of shipping, agriculture, and mining, and in forcing the White Paper through. These are a few things they have done without a shadow of right or authority from the people of the Nation, and in spite of urgent remonstrances from all who saw the danger and mischief they were bringing on us, it is rank hypocrisy to pretend that the "National" Government did not know that the Country always wished ardently for complete and efficient defences—they were told so again and again by the heads of each department—and now they are trying to push the blame on the people they betrayed and cheated—472 votes for Conservatism in the last election were not given for DISARMAMENT—GIVING AWAY INDIA and all your OTHER TORTS AGAINST YOUR COUNTRY, Mr. Chamberlain.



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## THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

## The Price

We are drifting towards war.

So-called "pacifists" rail at the slow pace of Geneva's anti-Italian discussions and call for military measures. There is a danger that the Government, deafened and dazed by their clamour, may acquiesce, or may agree to the imposition of some sanction so rigorous that war will be its outcome.

Yet there are other voices, and in their sincerity and influence lies Britain's hope of peace.

Leaders of industry and commerce do not want war.

Within the Conservative Party, too, the banner of protest has been raised. Mr. Amery's warning to the Government has roused Members of Parliament and the country at large to the danger which threatens us.

The public must not be content with silent concurrence. The will of the people is against war. Let that will be expressed with unanimity and power, and the Government must obey.

The archbishops and the pastors, the Sir Walters and the Sir Normans, must not be allowed this time to stampede a peace-loving Empire into a policy which means war.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and his friends are prepared for the use of military force to check Mussolini.

Others who demand League action prefer — at present — to say nothing about warlike measures. They speak only of stiffer and stiffer economic sanctions.

But the price of applying such sanctions is not confined to the risk of war which they entail. They impose upon certain League Powers an economic burden, the greater part of which will fall upon the shoulders of Britain.

Mr. Eden now presses at Geneva for an embargo on exports to Italy by the League countries.

Soviet Russia, a supplier of oil to Italy, demands "compensation" for the trade she will lose by the embargo.

In other words, Britain is asked to subsidise Russian trade.

In present conditions such "compensation" would have positive advantages for Russia. Italy already owes the Soviet a large sum of money and will not pay it.

Rumania, too, asks for "compensation" for cutting off oil exports to Italy.

Her representative, M. Titulescu, doubts the efficacy of economic sanctions. Hungary, he says, will fill the gap caused by the cessation of Rumania's wheat supplies to Italy. Austria will capture Rumania's Italian timber trade.

M. Titulescu agrees with the view already expressed in the *Evening Standard* that the effect of an embargo on exports to Italy by the States which agree to sanctions will merely be a transference of trade to those countries which do not agree.

But if "compensation" can be secured, either in the form of a direct payment or of an absorption of Rumania's lost trade by other League Powers, M. Titulescu is prepared cheerfully to face the prospect of sanctions.

For Rumania, like Russia, is owed large sums by Italy, and Rumania, like Russia, would prefer the subsidy to the shadow.

These countries look to Britain, rich and prosperous, for an open-handed solution of their sanctions problem. Yet Britain, too, stands to lose trade, and to lose it permanently, by an embargo on exports to Italy. Last year that country bought £9,300,000 worth of British products.

Who is going to compensate us?

*Evening Standard.*

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## So Pass The Hat

Italy's anger at the League's sanctionary activities is directed exclusively against this country. One has not to look far to see why.

Glance at the report of the Committee of



Eighteen's discussion of economic measures on Saturday. We find that:—

Mr. Eden pressed for the prompt exclusion of Italian exports.

M. Laval raised objections and preferred an embargo on the export to Italy of warlike stores.

M. Titulescu raised the question of compensation for the countries that would suffer loss by such measures.

The Russian delegate urged the application of economic compulsion to States that refuse to toe the sanctions line.

There you have the thing in a nutshell, Britain rushing forward brandishing the minatory fist, France playing for safety and obviously unwilling that sanctions shall be anything more than a gesture of mild disapproval, Rumania asking who is to pay the piper, with an obvious eye on Mr. Eden, who is so bravely calling the tune, and Soviet Russia, full of bland cunning, urging a still wider exchange, among the capitalist nations, of economic slaps and cuffs.

All of these arisements *The Evening News* has faithfully prophesied while our contemporaries, who have been angrily pressing for sanctions, have conveniently directed their anticipations elsewhere.

Now the facts must be faced, and in particular the demand of the small nations—a term which may be assumed to extend for this purpose to some 48 out of 51 nations that voted for sanctions—to have their losses made good.

They are entitled to it under the League Covenant, and who are we to say them nay? Britain's statesmen are foremost in brandishing the League's club. The British taxpayer will have to keep his eye skinned if he is not to comply with international expectation and hold the financial baby.

*Evening News.*

### Economic Sanctions

Against the drastic logic of naval sanctions must be set the fact that they would risk an actual state of war in the Mediterranean, and that the faintest smell of war is as the breath of the pit to multitudes of our people, both intellectuals and common folk. A state of mind is the most material of all facts, and a Government like ours, which is based on the will of the people, must respect it whether it shares its fears or no.

Yet it must not be too readily assumed that even purely economic sanctions are exempt from risk. The first sanction lifts the embargo on the supply of munitions to Abyssinia and puts an embargo on their supply to Italy. That sanction might make little immediate difference to the fortunes of war in Abyssinia, but in time it would certainly increase the Abyssinians' power of resistance, and it might gravely hamper the vigour of the Italian attack.

Attempts, not necessarily or probably counten-

anced by any Government, are sure to be made to evade the prohibition of the export of arms to Italy. President Roosevelt's prompt action should prevent trouble of that sort from America, and if Germany follows this excellent example it will be genuine evidence of the sincerity of her desire for peace. We shall be told, of course, that it is futile for the League to forbid the export of arms to Italy, where they have no malignant use, and to allow their export from Italy to Eritrea, where they will be used in furtherance of what the members of the Council have denounced as an act of war on themselves. But that can be prevented only by a distant blockade and by the exercise of the right of search.

Whether the Italians in such case would retaliate by exercising the right of search over ships which they suspected of carrying munitions to Abyssinia would no doubt depend on calculations of expediency, but one can imagine conditions under which they might take the risk. One may doubt, in fact, whether it is possible to draw a hard-and-fast line between economic sanctions and the sanctions of the so-called pacific blockade.

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### Dangers Threatened

These dangers are as yet theoretical only, and it is permissible to indulge the hope that mild measures may combine with growing disillusionment in Abyssinia to produce the desired return of Italy to more moderate councils. But we cannot be confident that the knot will be thus happily untied, and six months hence, if the Italians have won some signal victories by then and economic sanctions have failed, the situation might well have become far more serious than it is.

They will be flushed with victory and more intolerant of interference, which they will say is merely prolonging the war to no purpose. If the war has not ended, the League will be faced with the painful alternatives of acknowledging its failure or of proceeding to more extreme measures with less prospect of success than they would have had at the beginning. Nor would the prospect be much brighter if the Italians had suffered defeats or if, as is perhaps mostly likely, the war were dragging on without decisive results.

The rumour current on Friday of what was called a massacre of 2,500 Italians may have been a grossly exaggerated version of a partial success by Abyssinian raiders on an unduly extended Italian line—there is other evidence of embarrassment on this Adowa front—but the reaction that it produced on many minds, irrational and instinctive as it was, served to remind us that there are dangers to the white races in Italian defeats. If Italy's designs are to be countered—as they should be—it is far preferable that it should be through European agency rather than through military triumphs by a coloured race over a white race,

These dangers might be coming to a head at about the time when an election would normally be taking place, and they reinforce the argument for an earlier election which will place a strong National Government firmly in its place for the next four years and give it time to prepare against eventualities which at present appear only as dim shapes which we hope may never acquire body and definition, but for all that need vigilance and forethought.

\* \*

### New Methods

What, then, are the decisions, or the new essays in constructive policy, that we may be called upon to make, perhaps sooner than is generally realised?

Baron Aloisi, at Geneva, on Thursday, had no case, and his tirade on the League was unjust. But the multitude of bad debating points that he made in his defence of Italy must not be allowed to hide his one good point. It is true, as he said, that you can only prevent war by removing the causes. If there is real injustice, not all the law will, or ought to, persuade us into acquiescence. Respect for the law depends in the long run on the power to change it, and the whole persistence of war as an institution rests on its claim to administer the rough justice which the formalism of the law denies.

Baron Aloisi might have added the criticism that the constitution of the League encourages the sort of gamble to which Signor Mussolini has committed his country. Not only is the League as a court of justice too formalistic, but it is a court whose decisions are subservient to the interests of Executive Governments, and not of one but of dozens of Executives. If League law is to command respect and its writ is to run, it must not allow itself to be the mere instrument for resisting change and enforcing existing rights. It must somehow tune itself into the rhythm of change in human affairs of which war has hitherto been the discordant and hideous jazz bass.

What distinguished Sir Samuel Hoare's celebrated speech at Geneva was his recognition of that fact; some day, perhaps, his suggestion for some sort of international pooling of the national wealth of colonies may be regarded as the first hint of a new charter for the Have-Nots and late arrivals. But no one has yet succeeded in attaching any precise meaning to the passage, and to express the ideal in a concrete policy may be one of the tasks that will emerge from this Abyssinian quarrel.

"Scrutator" in the *Sunday Times*.

\* \*

### The Conservative Revolt

There are indications that when Parliament re-assembles Mr. Baldwin will be faced with a revolt of some consequence on his policy with regard to the Italo-Ethiopian dispute. Already nearly a

hundred Conservative Members of Parliament and Peers have expressed their apprehension of the way things are going and two separate yet



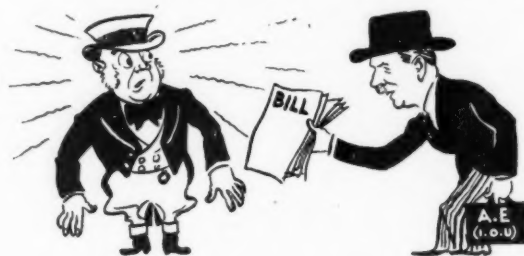
influential groups have made representations to the government asking for an assurance that they will not be a party to sanctions against Italy which might lead to war.

For our part, taking a logical and common sense view, it seems to us that sanctions must either be ineffective, in which case there is no object in applying them, or else they must be of such a nature as to lead to war. A proper diagnosis of the position is, therefore, that a hundred well known Conservative members of both houses are opposed to the Government's policy.

\* \*

### It Can't Be Done

In fact the more we examine the Government's proposals the more convinced are we of their futility. We have always been opposed to a policy



hostile to Italy and to interfering in matters which do not concern us; but, though we have never had the least confidence either in Mr. Eden or in any other member of the present administration, we always hoped, for the honour of England, that when once they had committed themselves to a policy of folly, they would devise some means of putting it into effect.

Instead, however, it seems that they did not even take the trouble to sound the representatives of other nations in order to ascertain how such proposals would be received, before rushing in with a series of bellicose proposals. The result is that for the past week the delegates at Geneva, most of whom are secretly appalled at the loss in trade which Mr. Eden's plan would entail, have been busily playing a game of make believe.

Others, with a more realistic outlook, are already hinting at compensation for the sacrifices which sanctions will involve. In other words they look

upon England to pay the piper and to indemnify the rest of the world for the consequences of her insistence.

\* \*

### Soviet Smugness

Meanwhile, at Geneva, M. Litvinoff is looking on with a self satisfied smile. Having already got the more important capitalist states at loggerheads he is now endeavouring to persuade those nations who voted for sanctions to ex-communicate those who did not. The ultimate effect of this is likely to be that Italy, Austria, Hungary, and Albania will walk out of the League together and form a *bloc* with Germany, whose attitude up to date has been singularly non-committal.

### A Correction

We have received the following statement from the Rev. Herbert Dunnico, J.P.

"In your issue of the 28th, an article under the name of R. H. Glover, asserts that I 'was fined £20 at Aberdare Police Court on January 27th, 1918, for Sedition—attempting to cause disaffection.'

"I beg to state (1) that I have never been fined for sedition or any other offence—(2) that I have never been convicted of sedition or any other offence."

We beg to express our deep regret for this mis-statement of fact and apologise for any inconvenience which it has caused to the Rev. Herbert Dunnico.

# "And You English will Always Be Fools"

By Kim

THE *Saturday Review* has throughout this Italo-Abyssinian dispute consistently warned its readers of the danger to Britain. To-day no one in their senses can fail to perceive how closely it is looming towards us. Almost hour by hour the army of cranks are in full blood cry after the body of Signor Mussolini. They are yelling for a full blockade to include the closing of the Suez Canal. That means war immediately. Meantime an embargo is being placed on shipments to Italy, and an embargo can only be enforced by stopping and searching shipping. That will lead to delicate situations and at any moment a first-class crisis may arise.

The Press of this country with few exceptions are keeping the public dark in regard to the seriousness of the situation. The movements of warships and troops are not reported by request of the Government, but here the question arises: For what purpose is this censorship imposed? Not to deceive Italy, for she of course is fully aware of these movements in the Mediterranean. Everyone knows except the unhappy British people, who will suddenly awake to find themselves at war and be called upon suddenly to fight (with inadequate war resources) and to pay. Such is the action towards betrayal of the nation, not in defence of Britain, but in order to maintain the prestige of the League of Nations as practised by the Government of Mr. Baldwin.

Every possible step is being taken to hoodwink the public. Mr. Neville Chamberlain, for instance, attacked Mr. Amery in a speech in Glasgow, because the latter had said that he was not prepared to send a single Birmingham lad to his death for Abyssinia. The Chancellor called it a "mischievous distortion of the realities of the

situation" and added that, "of course, we are not sending anybody to their death. On the contrary, what we are doing is to try to stop a war." To stop a war! And how are the Government proposing to stop a war? By menacing Italy with the alternative of another war, which will be just as real and destructive if it is waged under the auspices of the League of Nations on the absurd formula that thereby we pave the way to world peace. For Mr. Amery is right. The logical sequence of the Government's policy will mean war and the death of thousands of Birmingham lads.

Let us state the facts. The Government of Mr. Baldwin are determined to go to war with Italy, whatever be the pretext, unless Signor Mussolini withdraws his armies from Abyssinia and climbs down. They do not intend to give him a free hand to carry through his campaign to completion. It is certain that he will not be permitted to annex Abyssinia or even to impose a protectorate over it, no matter how completely it may be subjugated, and it must be apparent to everybody who is following the situation there that the Abyssinians cannot offer any serious resistance. The only real force the Negus possesses is his ability for clever oriental propaganda. But meantime the Mediterranean is full of British warships, Egypt and Malta are stiff with troops, and every available unit of our Air Force is there also. Reservists are called up and troopships are sailing with every regiment that can be spared. War materials are being rushed feverishly through in British factories, in those very armament factories which our bellicose Pacifists a few months ago wanted to destroy.

Well, and what is the big idea? The Government and their followers call it "precautionary measures." In what way "precautionary"? Is



there the slightest possibility that Signor Mussolini is intending a sudden coup to seize Malta or Egypt or any British possession? On the contrary, he gave the most solemn assurances that he had no designs whatever on British possessions, and our own Ministers acknowledged this. Clearly these warlike preparations of ours in the Mediterranean are in order to be ready for use when occasion demands. France begs us to withdraw these formidable forces, which can only be attributed to one purpose.

But no effect. *Quem perdere vult, Deus demetat prius*. This Government is going mad and will end not merely in destroying themselves but the nation. Mr. Eden in Geneva pursues his tactics of imposing sanction after sanction in the belief, we suppose, that before long he can bend Signor Mussolini to his will, and force Italy to haul down her flag. True, his boycott is not working. Austria and Hungary, Albania and Switzerland refuse or equivocate. Argentina now declines to work a boycott. Roumania wants to know who is to pay her if she loses her profitable trade with Italy, and no doubt Mr. Eden will satisfy her that that patient ass the British taxpayer will foot the bill, and doubtless those of all the impecunious little nations who trail behind Mr. Eden. Russia, looking happily for a break-up of Europe, proposes to place sanctions on those who refuse to boycott Italy, such as Germany! France is becoming more and more anxious and, whilst M. Laval may render lip service to the League, the French people are

entirely opposed to the application of sanctions, and may well throw him out in favour of a Fascist Government.

Such is one aspect of Mr. Eden's sinister activities. Another is irreparable damage to our commerce. Is not the British worker to be considered in this adventure wherein the Government are simply chasing a vain chimera? The boom is already killed. We have thrown away our trade with Italy and we are going to be saddled with the most enormous liabilities we cannot possibly carry. If the working men and women of this country could grasp the fundamental meaning of the Government policy there would be such an uproar from John o' Groats to Land's End as would sweep this Ministry into quick oblivion.

At present the only hope appears to be a Conservative uprising against the Government policy, whether it means withdrawing from Geneva or no. Mr. Amery has spoken, and possibly he may find a hundred Conservative members to support his objections, but where are the leaders? Where is Mr. Winston Churchill at this juncture? Mr. Baldwin can get an overwhelming majority on a vote of confidence, for all the Jacks-in-office will support him, all the riff-raff of Liberalism and Socialism and the Pacifists, the two Archbishops and the sanguinary Lord Cecil of Chelwood. The only real opposition will be the Voice of the People, and it will be their last chance to show that Democracy has guts. Otherwise the upshot will be that Germany will become the masters of Europe—and Britain.

## MOSCOW IS SO EM—BRACING

By Hamadryad

Isn't it nice to be friends with Russia?

Isn't it fine to have Bolshie pals?

The flowers seem fairer, the green grass lusher,  
And sweeter the song birds' madrigals,  
When I think that Stalin is Stanley's crony,  
That Molotov longs to embrace L.G.,  
And the voice of Eden, our only Tony,  
Sings "I love Litvinov and he loves me."

Isn't it fine to be Moscow's buddy,

To shake the hand of the G.P.U.,

And know that the fingers, though slightly bloody,  
Have only a cordial grasp for you?

Isn't it great for the U.S.S.R.,

Isn't it good for the Comintern,

To know how eager for their caress are

The bosoms they never forbore to spurn?

Won't it be nice for Harry Pollitt,

To be bidden by Ramsay to reason's feast;

While as for that stout chap Hannington (Wal) it  
Ought to mean Cabinet rank at least.

And I'm sure that Lord Halifax—he's no shirker—

Will help us in every way he can

And write a piece for the *Daily Worker*

On how to Bolsheise Hindustan.

Once—and it seemed the part of reason—

A sturdy fellow called Joynson Hicks,  
Finding the Bolshies fomenting treason,  
Handed Arcos a brace of kicks.

"See," he cried, "how the Red plague looses  
Hate and Sedition in our fair isle.

Let Moscow stew in its own foul juices;

Truck with such rascals is not worth while."

Such were the feelings that then immersed us;

The Reds were equally frank and free.

"Dirty Capitalist dogs!" they cursed us;

We were the Soviet's arch enemy.

Not till the Empire was torn asunder,

Not till England, they said, was hurled

Down to Red ruin and strife and plunder,

Would Marx and Moscow conquer the World.

Why are we suddenly friends with Russia?

Why are we boosting the Bolshies, please?

Is it the marching feet of Prussia,

The westward surge of the Japanese?

It's wrong to hate, but I just can't smother

A feeling that some day that poor old dunce,

John Bull, will be stung by his Bolshie brother

In nineteen different spots at once.

(Reprinted from the "Saturday Review" of April 6, 1935)

# Great Britain and Italy

By Commendatore Luigi Villari

THE acute phase of British-Italian relations which we have been witnessing came as an utter surprise to the immense majority of Italians. If there was one point which seemed absolutely fixed and immutable, in these days of oscillating uncertainties, it was the firm friendship between Great Britain and Italy in world politics.

Italians regarded the British Empire as one of the pillars of stability and world peace, and if they might envy the British people for their vast far-flung colonial possessions, they admitted that territories under British rule were well governed and that the mere fact that they were under British rule was a guarantee of order and security.

Then on practically all the great international problems of the post-war era Great Britain and Italy had seen eye to eye, and had advocated what seemed a really sane policy, even if they were not always able to get it adopted. Great Britain, like Italy, realised that the system established at Versailles was not an ideal one and required correction.

## Italians Amazed

Yet when Italy came into conflict with a savage State who had proved an impossible neighbour and had broken every pledge for good behaviour, British sympathies seemed predominantly hostile to Italy who was accused of all sorts of nefarious actions. Even before the conflict had come to a head a large part of British public opinion was demanding sanctions against Italy, at the risk of provoking another world war, an attitude which even British statesmen appeared at times to encourage.

Italians ask themselves in amazement what is at the bottom of all this, of an attitude which is in such glaring contrast with what was universally regarded as the British tradition of fair play and common sense. The apparent explanation is that the British people are so infatuated with League of Nations enthusiasm that they are ready to go to war with their best friends for the maintenance of League principles whose very meaning is extremely doubtful. But to the average Italian this seems hardly good enough. One cannot forget the contempt with which the League and all its works were regarded by official circles in Great Britain and by the mass of public opinion—to the Conservatives the League appeared to be a nest of intriguing busybodies who would subject the vital interests of the British Empire to the decisions of Kamchatka or Crym-Tartary; to the Socialists it was a device of the capitalist States and therefore the work of the devil, and only the minority of old-fashioned Liberals worshipped it.

That the British Government is worried about the chances of the coming general election is no doubt a fact, and as it fears that it cannot count on the bulk of the Conservatives, it is trying to secure

the support of the intermediate class which during the last few years has become ever more strongly in favour of the League. Yet even this is not regarded by most Italians as sufficient to explain the sudden enthusiasm developed in the minds of so many influential persons in Great Britain in favour of a League policy which risks plunging the whole world into war for the sake of a community of bloodthirsty slave-drivers.

A further explanation is sought in the alarm which considerable sections of British public opinion are believed to feel lest Italy, by establishing herself firmly in East Africa and settling a large number of Italian colonists therein, may become a danger to British rule in Egypt, the Sudan and especially on the shores of the Suez Canal. The British Press, indeed, has lately been full of alarmist rumours about Italian plots and intrigues in Egypt, of attempts to incite the Egyptian Nationalists against British predominance, with a view to ousting it and putting Italian predominance in its place.

What has given rise to these reports no one in Italy has the foggiest notion, least of all in responsible circles or among those who are in close touch with Egyptian affairs. We all know that there never has been the slightest attempt of the kind, that Egyptian Nationalism, with its coating of freemasonry and bogus democracy is a movement of the very kind least calculated to appeal to Fascist Italy, and that any weakening of British power in Egypt would mean yet another territory added to the area of anarchy which is already far too large in the world to-day.

## Bitter Experience

Italians have learnt by bitter experience that the anti-British movement in India and the boycott of British goods there has also affected Italian trade most unfavourably; there are factories in Italy which have had to close down or are working only half time in consequence of Gandhi's campaign, which, although nominally directed against the British manufacturer, is in reality aimed at all European production—for the benefit of Indian manufacturers employing sweated Indian labour. Were the British to be weakened in Egypt exactly the same thing would happen. For the Italians a British-ruled Egypt and a British-ruled Kenya are infinitely preferable as neighbours to any native-ruled African State.

This alleged anti-British policy in Egypt is simply non-existent. Italians ask why Great Britain, France and Italy should not co-operate in dealing with the African problem. There is room enough for all three, as well as for the Belgians, the Portuguese, and other white peoples in that vast Continent, and if all work together all will benefit, including the native masses, who will

naturally be better off under the rule of civilised white men than under their own tyrants. But if the white peoples fall out, the worst elements among the native races will take advantage of the quarrel, and vast areas will lapse into barbarism or perhaps even into Communism, for there is always the Communist shadow in the background, especially since Soviet Russia has been made an honest

woman by the production of her marriage lines with the League of Nations.

Our quarrel is with the savage rulers of Abyssinia, not with the civilised rulers of Egypt or Kenya. If British public opinion will convince itself of this fact the old-established friendship between Great Britain and Italy will be restored, to the immense benefit of both.

## This article by Hugh Addison is taken from the "Sunday Pictorial"

**E**VENTS at Geneva, even more than in Abyssinia, are steadily blowing the International Ship of State—if it is possible to conceive such a strange craft—into perilous seas never before sailed by man. There are at least fifty captains aboard it, but so far no crew.

Nor are there any navigating instruments. There is a most mellifluous spokesman for all the captains, big and little—our own Mr. Anthony Eden. But he can only issue orders when the other captains agree. There was never so strange a ship in any ocean.

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It is easy to see, already, how involved metaphors would become if this form of description of the League's present activities was continued. But not more involved than the actual state of things. After seventeen years of propaganda by the idealists and theorists they are at last in charge of a crisis affecting the world's destinies—the gravest since the Great War ended.

Of the fifty or more nations concerned in applying pressure to Italy only three rank as first-class Powers—Britain, France and Russia. Our own country is supplying practically the whole motive force in the cumbrous councils now proceeding. France is dragged most reluctantly after us. Russia's part is at least ambiguous, and there are many who would say it is merely sinister, by the very nature of the Soviets.

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What we in this country most need at the moment is a ruthless and objective sanity, completely divorced from that "Geneva complex" which inevitably must affect such politicians of ours as play "star rôles" there. There is absolutely no room for sentiment this time, yet it is sentiment which is now running away with us.

There has, apparently, been a steady change of opinion in Britain during the past week or so; a hardening against Italy, a warming towards Abyssinia which is now to some degree playing the rôle of "gallant little Belgium" in the last war. There are many, even, who are hoping that Italy will have a thoroughly bad time in this campaign.

\* \* \*

Too much of this spirit might easily bring us—alone—face to face with Italy, traditionally our

friend for some centuries, and an ally who broke away from the Triple Alliance in the last war to join us. It's true that Mussolini and his newspapers have made that friendship difficult to maintain in recent times. But we are supposed to be the one nation which can rise superior to this form of attack, and can wait patiently until such a fever has passed.

If the majority of Britons to-day took the attitude here suggested, they would yet remain absolutely free of any form of moral lapse. For seventeen years this country has followed amiably and trustingly in the wake of successive Governments, all of which have preached precisely the same theme: that the idea of recourse to war was completely washed from our systems; that we intended to make the world a better place than we found it in 1914; and that nothing, not even the gravest risks of attack by enemies, must cause us to swerve from this beautiful arterial road to the millennium.

There are innumerable individuals who have ceaselessly fought this view knowing that it was merely a mirage that would pass. And theirs has been a pretty thankless task.

Now, at a moment's notice, we are asked to jettison all that the theorists have preached for so long to a peace-loving nation. We are asked to perform a sea-change on ourselves; to be ready to be bellicose, though not attacked; to be super-human—a nation of Crusaders, even though we have no arms.

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The voices of those who have protested all these years are suddenly stilled, because a General Election is announced. The powerful whisper "Close the ranks" goes round. Once more false leadership is exonerated, and sleepy politicians who have been unavailingly kicked in the pants for years demand an almost Fascist-like faith and devotion in support of their latest drift of policy. They will no doubt get it because—once again—we must back the best we have lest worse befall.

What is the exact situation produced by the League up to this moment? Months of cumbrous conferences, which did nothing whatever to prevent the war that broke out just over a week ago. Now the application of sanctions which will certainly do little to curtail the present war and—what is worse—may easily provoke most



dangerous situations and lead us face to face with a far greater war. And then—what? Either we plunge into another devastating world struggle—or climb down.

On the wireless Mr. Eden tells us "Action must be swift. . . . We shall not shrink." This sort of language, born of a purely political idealism, would have paralysed Marlborough or Wellington, Nelson, Kitchener or Haig. There is as good reason to regard it as the voice of doom as the voice of inspired wisdom. These first sanctions that are to be so swiftly applied will not prevent Italy going on with the present war.

Her vast preparations have been proceeding all these months. They may get arms through to Abyssinia, but if the French ship them up through Djibouti the chance of a clash with Italy may arise at any moment. If Italy does run short of armaments, then there are three great nations outside the League—the United States, Japan and Germany—which could easily forward supplies.

\* \* \*

Should the League (which in this detail certainly means Britain) try to interfere with this traffic, then a volcano might blow up which would really make the Abyssinian affair look like a "colonial" war. And throughout all this we are still taking no account of the grand psychological factor of Italy's temper. It is useless for Mr. Eden to say once more on the wireless, "We have no quarrel with Italy, an old and valued friend." Italy thinks that Britain alone is out to corner her, using the League for its own base purposes, and every protestation to the contrary only makes her the more savage. To ignore that is sheer stupidity.

This "swift" action of which Mr. Eden now talks (with fifty nations concerned!) may be completely useless in limiting the present war, but may be absolutely full of dynamite in provoking a

greater one. Italy is certainly in no mood to stand any of what she would regard as high-handed sea action, and any affair of League contraband might start the guns echoing round Europe. There is nothing more fruitful of trouble than blockade-running.

The fact is that in this, the first big job it has undertaken—with all its collective self-esteem very much in arms—the League has proved too cumbersome and too weak to stop one determined law-breaker. Now, having brought us to the edge of a precipice, it proposes to be swift and snappy in its movement. And we at home can only wait helplessly for the crash.

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If a brave man finds he has manœuvred himself into an impossible and dangerous situation he proves his quality by having the bravery to retreat. But the League is not showing this quality, and heaven only knows how much the vanity and vested interests of permanent secretariats at Geneva are pushing us near the risk of disaster.

The plain fact is that the present League is not competent to "implement" the ideal which it was brought into being to create. Whether such an instrument could ever be successful is another matter. It certainly never can be with such nations as the United States, Germany and Japan outside it. That word "Covenant" has become too powerful—and it is only a word. It hypnotises, and destroys realities.

This League means that Britain polices the world—however much our representatives protest to the contrary. We should certainly scrap this one—whether we get a new one or not. It's too dangerous. Meanwhile, we in Britain must wait patiently until it is decided at Geneva what shall be done with us. And so, dear ordinary voters, keep your tempers, please, about the present conflict—and hope for the best.

## RATTLED

"A too rigid economy was apparent in other directions, notably in the supply of blank ammunition. Rattles were used to represent machine-gun fire, and field artillery were sometimes in action, although only the umpires were aware of it. . . ."—"Morning Post" of the 30th September, 1935. Extract from military correspondent's article, "The Army's Plight."

TO THE EDITOR, *The Saturday Review*.  
SIR,—

I have read with some affright  
Of the British Army's plight  
In some recent revelations in the Press.  
How it's wholly out of date,  
And our force is in a state  
That causes deep resentment and distress.  
How we're short of men and guns  
(Very different from the Huns!)  
But what really marks the writing on the wall  
Is that now for shell and shot  
Only rattles we have got—  
But a rattle, in a battle, is it any good at all?  
The Chinese, we are told,  
In the simple days of old,  
In place of normal instruments of war,  
Wore masks with hideous faces,  
Practised yells and fierce grimaces,  
To instil a proper atmosphere of awe.

Such devices long ago  
May have terrified the foe  
And frequently affected his morale,  
But now the simplest folks  
Take these old alarms as jokes,  
And a rattle, in a battle, isn't any good at all.  
Now our Rulers, good and wise,  
Surely ought to realise  
That modern war's a really serious thing,  
And when next we have to fight  
We want might as well as right,  
And all the latest weapons we can bring.  
So would you, Sir, drop a word  
To our Government revered  
Before the mischief's passed beyond recall,  
That although a baby boy  
Likes a rattle as a toy,  
Still a rattle, in a battle, is no earthly use at all!

"Focus,"

# Thinking It Out

By Robert Machray

**W**HETHER under MacDonald or Baldwin, the "National" Government has shown itself incapable of sound thinking and of even a measure of clear foresight in its foreign policy. One result, important in the future above all others, was the re-armament of Germany during the MacDonald administration; that of Baldwin has been in existence for only some short four months, but it has already succeeded in bringing about the most perilous situation with which our country and Europe have been faced since the Great War. And all from not thinking out what was implied in its support of the League of Nations in the present acute crisis.

Despite her protests Italy has been proclaimed the "aggressor" in Abyssinia by the League, owing chiefly to the insistence of our fatuous Government, which also is responsible more than any other for the economic and financial plans to be put into operation against Mussolini by order of Geneva. Some of the extremely unfortunate results of our Government's action are only too plain. First of all, Italy is no longer the friend of England. It is useless for the Government to assert that in standing by the League it is not opposing Italy, because she absolutely rejects this discrimination as not only false but ridiculous.

## THE FRIGHTFUL MIX-UP

Next, our Government's policy has gravely embarrassed France, who has no desire to lose that friendship with Italy which she so recently won, and it has strengthened Germany, who indeed looks like being the only Power to make substantial gains out of the frightful mix-up in which all the rest of us are so horribly entangled. Hitler can feel nothing but joy in seeing how complete is the break in the Stresa Front. It may be recalled that not so long ago the Government and its hack Press spoke hopefully of the return of Germany to the League, but why she should do so was never made very clear, and now that she has paid up her dues to Geneva, nobody supposes for a moment that she will do anything of the sort. She has got on and can get on quite well without the League. So could England!

Meanwhile sanctions of sorts are apparently going to be applied to Italy. Sanctions, forsooth! The funny thing about the economic sanctions discussed is that the mere talk of them has affected some of the jingo member-States of the League far more than Italy, and they are now clamouring for compensation for the losses they will have to sustain from a boycott of their exports to that country. Did anyone really imagine they were willing and ready to make such sacrifices for the League?—If so, he did not know them.

A fortnight ago I pointed out that Yugo-Slavia would certainly object, strongly and decidedly,

against cutting off her exports to Italy as these constituted a large part of her trade, almost a vital part, and as she has no alternative market, she feels she has the right to compensation. Naturally she supported Titulescu in the Committee of Eighteen at Geneva when he put this question of compensation before it last Saturday. About Rumania, his own State, he said that the abolition of all exports of her oil to Italy would involve her in a financial loss *out of all proportion* to her natural part in applying collective action.

## SOVIET CUNNING

Note the words which I have italicised—"out of all proportion," as they go to the root of the matter. Who is going to assess that or any other proportion? Yugo-Slavia and Rumania do not stand alone, for Greece and Turkey are in similar case. Suppose the proportion is found and fixed, who is going to make good the difference? In England the man in the street, who is a sufficiently practical fellow, will simply, bluntly ask who is going to pay it? *He won't—that's flat!*

According to some newspapers, Soviet Russia, who up to the beginning of this week had been sending all the stuff she possibly could to Italy, will demand compensation for trade losses! But there is no end to the effrontery and audacity of Moscow, and it has a thoroughly typical representative at Geneva in Litvinoff. The latest Russian proposal is characteristic, namely, that the League should bring pressure to bear on Austria, Hungary and Albania for siding with Italy, and this measure was actually endorsed by Titulescu, speaking presumably for the Little Entente.

That is a new, strange, and ominous development, which undoubtedly will not make for the peace of Europe, but much the reverse. It appears to be entirely forgotten that the League in essence is formed of a community of free nations who voluntarily joined it and did not demit any of their sovereign rights thereby. Austria and the two other States in this instance are in no sense defaulters. And, further, is there anyone acquainted with the position who can deny that pressure on Austria and Hungary, as proposed, will have the inevitable result of driving them into the grasping hands of Germany?

"Not peace, but a sword" seems now to be the most appropriate slogan of the chauvinists of Geneva, our wretched Government among them. Have they counted the cost? Have they indeed thought things out? Or are they just beginning to see the hideousness in which they are involved? But, after all, it is England, her place in Europe and the world, and her continued greatness at home and abroad, that are of vital importance to us, and it is these that are being jeopardised by our Government at Geneva.

## Eve in Paris

**P**UBLIC homage was rendered here, on the anniversary of their assassination, to the memories of King Alexander of Yugoslavia, and of M. Louis Barthou. M. François Pietri, in a eulogy of the dead Statesman, declared that he had revived in Europe the flame of friendship for France, and called him "le meilleur des Français."

In many respects a great man, Louis Barthou undoubtedly made one deplorable mistake. He advocated, disregarding wise counsel, concluding an alliance with Soviet Russia.

Formerly M. Léon Blum was at daggers drawn with the Soviet and would have none of their brand of Socialism, accusing them of wishing to establish the régime by violence and warfare. The truth was that he disbelieved in Moscow's power, not in her principles; he thought her too weak, too remote, too crippled financially, to attempt, successfully, a World Revolution. He scoffed at Cachin, Vaillant, Couturier, Henri Barbusse, and other French Communists, deeming them visionaries, dangerous and impractical.

Times are altered. Under the ægis of France (thanks to M. Barthou) Moscow, shameless and triumphant, has entered the family of European nations. She possesses credit and influence. Litvinoff holds his head high at the League of Nations, and leaders of Communist and Socialist Parties are uniting fraternally, waving the Red Flag and, seeing in the present crisis a chance to destroy Fascism, they deem their opportunity has arisen. "Let Mussolini understand," says *l'Humanité* (Oct. 3rd) "that French and English Labour will do everything to destroy him."

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**T**HE war in Abyssinia and its possible developments is, of course, the topic of conversation in Paris. A consensus of opinion declares that France will *not* be drawn into any action which might involve her in war. Gaxotte, in *Candide*, publishes a fine article entitled "France in Blum's War," and warns the public against the machinations of Moscow and against the Second and Third Internationals who are spending money like water to achieve their aim, which is revolution in capitalistic countries. "Let Italy seek in Africa food for her children; that is her affair. France will not send her sons to fight because Italians and negroes are shooting each other in Ethiopia. France demands Peace. Peace for herself and for Europe," he concludes.

The French Press (excepting, of course, Soviet-paid journals) are aghast at the attitude of England regarding the Abyssinian conflict in pressing for sanctions against Italy, helping a black nation against a white (a thing unknown in history) at the risk of European warfare. "We

must free ourselves from the sinister League of Nations," cries a leading daily, "it is a tool in the hands of our enemies."

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**P**ARIS at present appears more gay and animated than she has for a long period, in fact since "La Crise" began, owing partly to the great automobile show in the Grand Palais, which attracts crowds of French and foreigners and is unusually brilliant this year. A feature in the building is the wonderful new luminous ceiling, lit by 25,000 electric lights which flood the immense hall with radiance. Installed at a cost of over a million francs, the lighting consumes per hour 6,000 francs worth of electricity.

Nowadays many people are frugally minded, and the public demands much and desires to pay as little as possible. The new season's smaller cars represent surprisingly good value for a small outlay, meeting popular requirements, but the high-priced automobiles are more sumptuous than ever.

None excel the Rolls Royce, and the judge of elegance, M. André de Fouquières, received the President of the Republic and the British Ambassador, in front of the Rolls Royce stand when they visited the show. He made a graceful little speech, declaring that this car represented the "Entente Cordiale," the chassis being English, the body French, and both gentlemen smiled, as before, when they had heard the same remark!

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**T**HE first great gala of the Autumn Season was given at the Ritz in honour of the motor show. The pretty garden was gaily illuminated, the weather favourable. People strolled among the flowers and verdure, returning to the salons to taste the new cocktail "Top Speed," and listen to the music.

The President of the Automobile Club of France, the Vicomte de Rohan and the Vicomtesse entertained a large party as did Mr. Thomas Henry, President of the American Automobile Association. T.I.H. the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Boris were present, and H.H. the young Prince of Kapurtala.

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**T**HE death, at an advanced age, of the famous painter Jean Béraud breaks one of the few remaining links with the days of the third Empire. Béraud was a pupil of Bonnat, and in the early seventies a successful painter of portraits, one of his best works being a picture representing the Editor of the celebrated *Journal des Débats*, surrounded by his staff, which comprised some of the greatest journalists of the time, a relic treasured in the office of that newspaper.



# Stop This Deception!

By Col. Sir Thomas Polson, K.B.E., C.M.G.

THE charge of hypocrisy so often levelled against England by foreigners is mainly due to one circumstance. Her wars and her increasing dominion have coincided with a series of righteous causes which, while most real to the Englishman, appear but a rubbishy pretext to the foreigner. When Drake routed Spain on the high seas he was not only gaining treasure for England and glory for Elizabeth; he was singeing the beard of his Most Catholic Majesty, and fighting the battles of Protestantism as well as of his country. Similarly each generation has identified itself with a cause, until the legend arose of the dominant Englishman with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other.

## A Dangerous Blunder

To-day Englishmen—through the abominably bad leadership only possible in a democracy—have discovered a new cause in the Covenant of the League, and are naïvely, dangerously, unaware that to all other lands their belief in it is hypocritical nonsense, and that in plain fact it has ceased to be anything save a clumsy Franco-British alliance, with a lot of little nations tagging on behind in the hope of picking up the crumbs that may fall from the rich man's table.

England's pacifists and politicians have indeed misled her, for not only is the League impotent to prevent war, but *its very methods make war inevitable once a dispute has arisen*. The Covenant of the League was the invention of a pedagogue who held the ridiculous conviction that a nation can be lectured, reprimanded and punished by a committee in exactly the same fashion as a schoolboy by his headmaster. In actual fact, once the government of any country has been reprimanded by the politicians of other countries, *with all the publicity beloved of and inseparable from the League procedure*, it must either persist in the dispute and go to war, or acknowledge to its own people that it has misled them and shamed them before a world council!

## Our True Policy

It is unthinkable that any government could adopt the latter alternative, and certainly in most countries to-day the revolution which must follow such an admission would be Communism's great opportunity. If, alternatively, a well-armed England quietly intimated through a diplomatic representative that such and such a course on the part of a given country would arouse her opposition, there is at least every chance of that course being dropped, and dropped without any loss of "face" on the part of the people concerned, or risk of odium aroused towards their government.

Those are the hard facts concerning the League, but Englishmen must realise also how the League

and Great Britain's actions through the League, appear in foreign eyes.

In the first place, no foreigner can ever believe that we value our Empire so little from the political point of view—nor, perhaps, does he realise how strong are its ties of blood. He imagines all Englishmen to be full of pride in and jealousy for the Empire, as he himself would be had he the good fortune to possess it. And, so widespread are our possessions, it is impossible to imagine an international dispute which could not concern our Empire in one way or another.

## At Home and Abroad

Take the present case as an example: the average Englishman would be hard put to it to explain how British interests are affected, but the man in the street in all other European countries, being politically minded, as the average Englishman certainly is not, could recite without prompting a very plausible explanation of England's actions at Geneva, and one which leaves no room for the disinterestedness of which our people here are so certain.

A war in Africa in a region bordering on British territories involves England at once in heavier expense for the protection of her own land and native subjects should fighting, as it so easily may, be pushed over the borders. Here is occasion enough for British concern, since the repercussions must sweep to Cape Town. But this is the lesser point.

## Key to the Mediterranean

Geographically, Italy has but one natural sphere of expansion—the shores of the Mediterranean. Already she possesses large territories in Africa and bordering Egypt—Egypt, throughout history the key to Mediterranean power, and now protected by but the shadow of British prestige, since our influence has been reduced by our pacifists so far as to constitute an actual invitation to usurpation by any country desirous of conquest. Once in possession of Abyssinia and in control of the source of the Nile, possession of the Sudan and Egypt by Italy must seem many steps nearer, and the dream of the Mediterranean as an Italian lake by no means so fantastic.

Thus foreigners see our situation, and how much better it would be if Englishmen realised the same hard facts. Wherever we withdraw, another Power, less kindly in its governance—will enter; whatever we do through the League *must* be done clumsily; and in reality there is no League—but England and France left of the great Powers. Let Englishmen quickly find another cause for which to fight, and arm themselves in such fashion that they are neither challenged nor defied.

# A Call to Conservatives

By J. Gabriel Weepie

THE imminence of a General Election is giving political organisers, M.P.'s and candidates much cause for anxiety, for they are being urged, whether they like it or not, to consider the probable alignment of political forces at the forthcoming appeal to the country. And while they are engaged with their disturbing thoughts it is well that the electorate, also, should remember a few facts.

The conditions which brought into being a Coalition (and I use the word advisedly, for this administration has no more right to the term "National" than any previous one) no longer exist, and, therefore, voters should carefully consider whether a Government of mixed principles is able to provide a basis sufficiently sound and stable to carry out the degree of economic prosperity and security which the country demands.

National-Liberals and National-Labourites have already commenced their propaganda for maintaining the Coalition form of Government. In a series of letters to the press the National-Liberals, headed by Mr. Bernays, member for N. Bristol, plead for the future of Liberalism and suggest a widening of the Government policy in order to facilitate the return of Samuelite Liberals and other constitutional forces now outside it.

The National-Labourites, convinced of their indispensability, have published "Towards a National Policy," a book containing the ingenious contributions of five members of the National Labour Committee, extolling the virtues of "blended politics" which they believe epitomise the national desire, and in some curious manner make opposition unnecessary—even sacrilegious.

## Why This Silence?

Although the Conservative Central Office, in its apostasy, blesses and fosters this new line of thought, it would be interesting to hear the opinions of the constituencies. Why are they so silent? What has happened to that stalwart guardian of Conservative youth, the Junior Imperial League? Is it beginning to doubt, and to abandon its orthodoxy? What of the Primrose League and the newly-formed Imperial Policy Group? Do they stand for anything?

It is to be hoped that this plea to broaden the basis of Government will urge them all to action and accentuate the opposite view that, already, its triarchic character has been responsible for much indecision in dealing with the crises which have arisen since the Government formulated its programme, and was elected to carry out a specific work.

Most people will willingly concede that this work of re-establishing national credit and international confidence has been laudably achieved by the application of two *conservative* measures; changing the national fiscal policy and facilitating, at Ottawa, a

modicum of Empire consolidation. Not nearly enough, but a beginning.

It is worthy of note that although the real Liberals, the Samuelites, deserted on the question of food taxes, they did not abandon their principles. But Simonites and MacDonaldites demanded a price for their acquiescence, and the subsequent history of the Government has been a tale of political anaemia.

Let us become briefly analytical. Mr. Runciman's Liberalism has saddled us with trade agreements with foreign countries which block the passage to anything approaching a robust form of Empire development. Thus Argentina, Denmark, Poland and "fraternal" Russia, to mention only a few, are handed large slices of the home market at a price which our Dominions could willingly and easily eclipse.

Neither is the position improved by the presence of Mr. Thomas and Mr. Malcolm MacDonald at the Dominions and Colonial Offices. It is difficult to believe that their adhesion to international socialism has been completely discarded. Also one may deduce that the prevalence of Marketing Boards, which interfere with the health and prosperity of private enterprise, emanate from National-Labour influence.

## Political Swill

Most lamentable of all, perhaps, in these turbulent times, is the Government's polyglot foreign policy which, apparently, can be equally well enunciated by Liberal Sir John Simon or Conservative Sir Samuel Hoare.

Out of the cauldron of mixed political principles will emerge a policy of political swill. For it is certain that principles cannot be amalgamated without also being adulterated. A process abhorrent alike to nations and individuals of character.

But let us view the more practical aspect of the controversy. What mostly concerns candidates and their organisers is whether an appeal to the country upon the Party ticket will be more or less effective than the presentation of a multi-coloured, all-in, nebulous, coalition form of seduction.

The latter, apparently, finds favour at Conservative headquarters and among the weaker and less efficient candidates. But they under-estimate the public appreciation of honest, fearless and vigorous exposition. All great movements have been preached with evangelical fervour and sincerity and similarly, political parties will be better and stronger in the expression of the purity of their creeds.

As we have done with retrenchment and now seek development and security, Conservatives inspired by their ideals and strengthened by principle should go forward courageously to seek the suffrage of the great mass of voters.

## RACING

# Farcical National Hunt Racing

By David Learmonth

I HAVE always wondered why people bet—whether it is merely because they cannot help it or whether they really think they have a chance of making a little money. Anyone who thought this was rudely awakened at Wincanton when something happened which, had it occurred at the National Hunt Meeting or, in fact, at any of the Park meetings when flat racing was closed down, would have appeared in large headlines in the newspapers and would have been “billed” by the evening press.

Thomond II, at three to one on, was easily beaten by Lord Penrhyn's Belted Hero at level weights in a field of four.

## A Sensation

That was a sensation if you like, and those who laid the odds were so shocked and so impoverished that they lost all sense of proportion and plunged further into the mire in a desperate attempt to get clear on the last two races. Personally, however, though I did not see how Thomond II could well be beaten, nothing would have induced me to risk any money on him.

He looked wretched in the paddock, unfurnished, without muscle, and mean to follow, and it seemed clear that, if any of the others were good enough to make him gallop, he would fail to stay home. I doubted if Belted Hero, useful as he is, had quite class enough; but that was another matter.

When Thomond II returned to the unsaddling enclosure, after being beaten fully a furlong before the end of the three miles, he blew like a grampus and it was obvious that he was not half fit. All the same, though Steddal's stable were by no means unhopeful of Belted Hero's chances, few people can seriously have thought that Thomond II would be beaten.

## A Trap for Trainers

These mistakes are very easy to make. I presume that Anthony wanted to give Thomond II an easy race as part of his preparation and thought that, though nothing like wound up, the horse was fit enough to win this mediocre event without any difficulty, only to discover that it was less fit than he had imagined.

This is a trap into which trainers under National Hunt rules often fall at this time of year. I remember one who told me that one of his charges was such an unbeatable certainty that I, as its rider, was not to go the shortest way which was quite unnecessary as the horse had three stone in hand, but to keep him in the middle of his fences so that no possible mishap could rob us of the money. The animal covered less than two miles

out of three and promptly blew up and that was the end of the matter.

There is this to be said in favour of the big back-end handicaps, one does at least know that the candidates will be fit and not just out for a gallop in public with a view to winning some event in the distant future.

Last season the National Hunt Stewards set stern faces against the public “airing” business. If they are going to persist with this policy they had better start early and see that the stewards at the smaller meetings are up to their jobs; which, at present, in nine cases out of ten, they are not.

It is not the least use waiting until the National Hunt Season proper starts. It is those who attend the small meetings regularly who are the backbone of the sport. This is the time when many of them are getting tired of seeing dwarfs galloping along on the flat and it is obviously in the interests of steeplechasing that they should not be driven back to the flat by the looseness of administration and the general low level of the sport. Executives cannot expect people to pay to see a lot of pig fat animals plod wheezily round the course, which is what National Hunt racing before Christmas is coming to.

## Entitled to Value

After all, why should they? If two boxers enter the ring in this condition and then proceed to fight in a half-hearted manner, the referee declares no contest and the men's prize money is withheld. The racing public are equally entitled to receive value for their money.

Something undoubtedly will have to be done. The difficulty is to know where to draw the line. A trainer cannot be expected to turn his horses out always at the peak of condition. He must leave something to work on when he is timing an animal's preparation for a specific event such as the Grand National and there are many other considerations which make it necessary often to run horses which could be made fitter. All the same, the public do not like having to watch horses which are obviously unfit to run. If they were only just a little fitter they probably would not notice it.

The Cesarewitch will have been run by the time these notes appear and those who have safely survived the first hurdle will be hoping to bring off the double. A strange habit this: one never actually meets anyone who has been successful and one does not even hope for success oneself.

Yet year after year we risk a few shillings, which after all does not do us much harm. Pegasus carries my money and I am hoping he lives up to his name.



# Retribution

By Dan Russell

THE grey dawn-light was stealing upon the world when the little vixen came trotting through the undergrowth towards her earth. Her teeth were clenched on the limp neck of a white rooster whose yellow claws trailed upon the ground. A mile away a cottage hen-house was strangely silent. Usually at that hour of the morning a rooster crowed his challenge to his little world while his hens clucked and fluttered upon their perches. But now the rooster was between the jaws of the vixen and his wives lay headless upon the earthen floor of their home. A displaced board showed where the killer had made her entrance. Swiftly and silently she had come and killed and gone; and nine headless carcasses remained to tell the tale of her raiding.

She trotted between the boles of the young ash trees with her head held high. Her neck muscles were aching with the burden and her jaws were cramped. She crossed over a narrow pathway into a patch of bracken and here lay her earth. She laid the rooster on the ground and yapped twice.

At the second bark five little faces were poked from the holes, and after one swift glance, five half-grown cubs scrambled out for their meal. The vixen lay down and watched them as they fought and scrambled for the choicest morsels.

She was very tired and in need of rest, for it is the habit of a fox with cubs to hunt far away from the earth. Never will a vixen take chicken or rabbit in the neighbourhood of the earth where her cubs are laid. In this way she hopes to secure her cubs from the unwelcome attentions of their foes. Within two hundred yards of our particular litter was the woodman's cottage, but never had the vixen visited the hen-house. It was too near her home.

## *The Taint of Man*

She lay with her brush curled round her haunches and dozed while her cubs ate. For a moment her customary caution had left her and her keen senses were at rest. But, suddenly, she was alert and wakeful. She jerked to her feet, her brush quivering in alarm. Not twenty feet away a man was standing, staring at the family. The vixen yapped and in an instant they all bundled into the earth.

The man whistled in surprise. He was the woodman whose cottage was so near the earth. So snugly hidden was the woodland home that he had not even suspected its existence. Only now and by accident had he stumbled on it.

He walked over to the earth and examined it, kneeling on the soil and peering into the holes; and everywhere he knelt he left the abhorrent taint of Man. At length he rose to his feet. "I'll 'ave 'ee to-morrow me beauties," he said and turned back towards his cottage.

In the depths of the earth the little vixen blew

through her nostrils in alarm as she heard the clumping of his boots upon the soil. For long after he was gone she lay still. Then she crept up the tunnel to the entrance. The stink of Man greeted her and she snorted with fear.

Out into the open she crept and searched the air with her nose. The wind was free from taint.

She barked, and the obedient cubs came to her side. Then very cautiously she led them away through the fronds of bracken. Out of the covert they slunk like blown leaves and down a hedgerow, and no man was there to see their passing. A mile away another earth awaited them in a quiet dell. And here, within an hour, the little vixen brought her precious family.

## *Dog and Digger*

Next day the woodman arrived in the covert with two terriers and a spade. Not real working terriers were they, but mongrels he had borrowed from the village. He stamped noisily up to the earth and examined it again. It was fairly deep but the soil was light and should be easy digging. He stopped up all the holes except the largest, and into this he loosed a terrier. Then he sat down to wait and listen. For a long time there was silence. Then he heard the terrier scratching.

He took off his coat and began to dig.

It was harder work than he had anticipated, and even as he dug the terrier scratched itself further into the ground. The afternoon wore on and the woodman became both tired and angry. Dusk came to the woodlands and he lit the lantern he had brought with him. At long last, when the moon had ridden into the sky he dug down to the terrier. "At last" he grunted, and pulled out the panting dog by the tail. Then he pushed forward the lantern and gazed into the hole. He expected to see the glowing, phosphorescent eyes of the vixen within a yard of him; but what he did see caused him to gasp with surprise. For a moment he could not believe his eyes, then he reached in his hand and pulled out. . . a rabbit!

He rounded on the dog with a storm of oaths. Half a day wasted for a miserable rabbit, to say nothing of the arduous labour of the dig. Cursing furiously, he shouldered his spade and, with the cowering terriers at heel, stumped down to his little cottage.

Tired out he went to bed and slept soundly till the next morning. So sound was his slumber that he did not hear the agitated squawks and flutterings in his garden. But when, after breakfast, he went down to his hen-house, his rage broke out afresh. For there upon the floor were eighteen headless corpses. Little did he realise that he himself was responsible for the raid. He had broken the truce; for a vixen will never kill close to her earth.

THE shadow of war looms ominously over Europe, the sound of stirring armies echoes from East to West, smoke belches from the chimneys of munition factories all over the world, and rancour and hatred, fear and suspicion are once more awake in the hearts of men. And, shutting their eyes to the signals of danger, careless of the results of their actions, our pacifist Socialists and our war-like clergy do their best to incite the already over-wrought emotions to fever heat, and urge the adoption of measures which must inevitably lead to an armed outbreak of hostilities.

\* \* \*

THE Italian-Abyssinian question has swept aside all other interests and the question as to what the outcome will be occupies all minds. But there is one aspect of this question which is not taken into account, one issue which the press has chosen to ignore almost completely, and that is the attitude of the Soviet Government! Russia, it has been argued, is far away, both from Italy and from Abyssinia, and has no interest in the present conflict. But are the Soviet leaders really so detached as they would have us believe? Are they not rather preserving an attitude of masterly inactivity, underneath which lies a malicious triumph, for is not the present situation one for which they have been waiting and for which they have been working for years?

\* \* \*

THE spies of the Ogpu, the agents of the Comintern in foreign countries, have, during all these years, kept their government informed of every move, of every change of feeling, and have consistently worked in secret, underground ways to encourage and foster discontent and ill-feeling, have craftily circumvented any peaceable solution, and, with diabolical cleverness, have cloaked their actions under the deceptive suavity of pacifism.

\* \* \*

SPEAKING at Geneva, Maxim Litvinoff has assured Europe that Russia joined the League of Nations to collaborate in the cause of peace, and that was why, this evil and wily schemer added, he advised the Council not to shrink from "necessary decisions." Litvinoff is under no delusions as to what the result of these "necessary

# Bol THE BOS

Buchanan  
By MERIEL BUCHANAN

decisions" will be, but the conflagration which will ensue is exactly what the Soviet have been plotting for.

\* \* \*

AND it is, moreover, to the Soviet's advantage that this conflagration should be hurried on as much as possible, before England has time to re-arm, to build up her criminally neglected defences, her piteously depleted Navy, her miserably inferior Air Force. For, while English politicians have treacherously babbled about the world peace and general disarmament, the U.S.S.R. has been systematically and furiously preparing every branch of defensive and offensive military armament in readiness for the coming struggle.

\* \* \*

STALIN knows very well that a war fought between the Soviet and some neighbouring State might end not only in his personal fall but in the overthrow of the Soviet State; but a world war, begun outside the U.S.S.R., will lead to that long cherished dream of his, the fight for world revolution. It is not his policy that Russia should start that war; Russia must rather appear as the peacemaker among the great belligerent nations; she must have no part in the quarrel but must appear to hold herself aloof. Only when the other nations are at each other's throats will Russia move.

\* \* \*

HER Red Army, her air fleet, her mechanised forces, her millions of armed workmen, her Red Amazons, her chemical defences, they are all waiting for that day: her people, stirred up by incessant, insidious propaganda, will answer to the call to arms, ready with wild enthusiasm, to fight for that glorious dream of world revolution.

# SHEVIST PLOT •

**“WAR,”** DECLARED COMRADE PIECK, THE GERMAN DELEGATE, AT THE RECENT CONGRESS OF THE COMINTERN, “WILL BRING ABOUT THE OPEN CONFLICT OF ALL THE ANTAGONISTS OF THE IMPERIALISTIC SYSTEMS and lead the workers of all countries to the highest point of class struggle. The task of proletarians of the world, united among themselves, and in union with the Red Army, will be to struggle for the victory of revolution and for the transformation of the imperialistic war into civil war. The revolutionary crisis, though not ripe yet, is nevertheless ripening throughout the whole world. No social régime falls by itself; it has to be overthrown. Our task is to organise the masses of workers into a compact revolutionary army of the proletariat against capitalism, and lead this army to the assault.”

\* \* \*

**I**T must be remembered that every soldier of the Red Army is trained, not only as a fighter, but as an agitator, and is taught how best to spread the doctrine of Communism and revolt amongst the enemy forces. Every Russian dirigible is equipped with a printing office, every aeroplane will drop not only bombs and poison gas but showers of leaflets calling on the workers and the soldiers of the enemy to desert and join the proletarian armies. And meanwhile the secret agents of the OGPU and the Comintern inside the enemy lines will spread sedition and revolt, will encourage discontent and foster the spirit of revolution among the masses.

Voroshiloff and Budenny, Tuchachevsky, the Military Commander of the Comintern, Koganovitch, the Commissar for Transport, who three years ago announced boastfully, “To our enemies at home and abroad, we wish

to state that our army is growing and becoming stronger every day”—they are all waiting for the day when war breaks out in Europe, the war which, as Comrade Pieck said, will be converted into civil strife, which will be used by the Soviet to spread revolutionary fever among the workers, the armies and navies of the opposing nations, and which will bring chaos and ruin to civilisation.

When the Archbishop of Canterbury talks of the “Spiritual force” which he says can alone maintain the peace of the world, and almost in the same breath adds, “In considering the place of the League of Nations, not only in the present but in the future, the use of military force in the last resort cannot be excluded,” he is bringing that ruin and chaos perceptibly nearer, and by imposing Sanctions on Italy the Government are playing directly into the hands of Stalin and his satellites in the Kremlin.

\* \* \*

**I**N the *Patriot* of October 10th we read: “The Bolsheviks are pleased with the debate on Sanctions at the ‘Labour’ Party Conference. Moscow is most anxious to obtain the support of Britain against Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany, and it is clear from the Soviet Press that this is the real issue. The Italian attack on Abyssinia is merely the pretext for the Communists and Socialists to work for the destruction of Mussolini and his Fascist system. The National Government is to be the instrument the Communists will use for this purpose, after which the Socialists and Communists will combine to destroy the National Government.”

\* \* \*

**M**R. BALDWIN has spoken of the League of Nations as his “sheet anchor.” It would be interesting to know the secret thoughts of the Kremlin dictators on this subject. A few years ago it was their policy to attack the League as an institution run by capitalists and imperialists, but now they look on it as the most valuable instrument for furthering their nefarious schemes in Europe. With Italy out of the League, only three Great Powers will remain—England, France and Russia! And let it never be forgotten that behind Russia and the bland unctuous smiles of Monsieur Litvinoff looms the Communist International, whose ultimate aim is war and the destruction of the existing civilisation.



TO  
LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.,  
WHO STROVE SO NOBLY AND COURAGEOUSLY TO  
PREVENT THE SURRENDER OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE,  
THIS PLAY,  
CENTRED ROUND THE GREATEST ENGLISHMAN WHO HAS  
RULED IN INDIA,  
IS MOST GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.

#### WHAT HAS HAPPENED

In England, Hastings' greatest enemy, Philip Francis, is plotting for his downfall. In India, Hastings' successor as Governor-General has arrived—John Macpherson—who discusses with Major Palmer, Hastings' private secretary, the news that Hastings has been accused of murder,

#### ACT III. Scene I (CONTINUED.)

MACPHERSON: Why, sir, murder is a mild word for it. They say that Mr. Hastings and Sir Elijah Impey arranged his death several months before the mock trial which decided it.

PALMER: Mr. Hastings had no more to do with it than I had. What do they say about the Rajah of Benares?

MACPHERSON: That Hastings attempted to levy blackmail upon him, and thereby caused a revolt which was nearly fatal to our power.

PALMER (*indignantly*): A cursed lie! Why, sir, if Mr. Hastings had not gone to Benares and deposed Chait Singh—

*Enter Hastings, R. He hurries in with outstretched hands. He is in gala dress of a deep rich blue, white satin breeches and brocaded and flowered waistcoat. Both the other men rise. Macpherson advances to greet Hastings, while Palmer, having lit the candles on the centre table, slips out L.*

HASTINGS (*with an effusiveness which for him is unusual*): My dear Macpherson, welcome a thousand times!

MACPHERSON (*shaking both his hands*): A thousand thanks, my dear sir. And how is Mr. Hastings?

HASTINGS: No younger, Macpherson for the years that have sped since we were together in Madras. And you, my friend—I rejoice that your shadow has not grown any less!

MACPHERSON: Alas, no, sir! I envy you there.

HASTINGS (*seating himself at the table C and motioning Macpherson to the easy chair L*): You will forgive me, will you not, for not receiving you as you arrived? This is the Queen's birthday, and also a kind of farewell supper to some of my friends. It was impossible for me to escape at that moment. But you have arrived in time for some supper.

MACPHERSON: I have supped, sir, and I am somewhat travel stained.

HASTINGS: My dear Macpherson, you must always be the most notable figure in any assembly. Further you are my successor in the Governor-Generalship. No more excuses. We will go in together, as soon as we have exchanged our news. And, first, what have you to tell me?

MACPHERSON: Any news I have must have

# WARREN

A Play consisting of  
Prologue and IV Acts

By

Hamish Blair  
& Helen White

been rendered stale by the later despatches by the *Atlas*.

HASTINGS: I haven't yet seen them. All I have read is a letter from my Marian. She writes from the country, and gives me only personal gossip.

MACPHERSON: I trust Mrs. Hastings is well?

HASTINGS: As well as can be expected. I had hopes of an heir, Macpherson, but it has pleased Heaven to disappoint us. But Mrs. Hastings, thank God, has made a good recovery.

MACPHERSON: Thank God for that.

HASTINGS: Amen, my dear friend. And now, what is your news—that is to say, what is the latest move of my enemies against me?

MACPHERSON: Why, Mr. Hastings, if they don't carry a motion for impeachment, it won't be the fault of Messrs. Francis and Burke.

HASTINGS: I am well assured of that!

MACPHERSON: When you came in I was on the point of asking your secretary to enlighten me further on the subject of Chait Singh, Rajah of Benares.

HASTINGS: Ah!

MACPHERSON: For it seemed to me that Francis and Burke were directing their heaviest artillery against that transaction. In fact, if the Commons impeach you, 'twill be on that account.

*Hastings rises and walks up and down; then throws himself into his seat with a weary air.*

HASTINGS: Here are the facts. Chait Singh was a vassal rajah whose loyalty had been completely undermined by the disasters in Mysore. He thought, in fact, that our power had vanished. I wanted money to fight Hyder Ali. He refused either money or troops. His refusal emboldened other chiefs to incipient revolt. There was only one way to forestall a general rising, which would have meant the slaughtering of every Englishman and Englishwoman between this and Lucknow. I took it. I went to Benares with a mere handful of sepoys, deposed Chait Singh even while thousands of his rebel troops surrounded the house in which I was staying, defeated his attempt to retrieve his position, and so brought the other rajahs to heel. And the upshot is, Macpherson, that you will take over a loyal Bengal and a settled government.

MACPHERSON: And thus they reward you!

HASTINGS: A fig for my reward! I have saved India for my country—that is the main thing—and have laid well and truly the foundations of British rule. These cannot now be shaken, unless

# HASTINGS

later British Governments display incredible weakness and cowardice.

MACPHERSON: Gad, sir, if the House of Commons could only hear you defend your conduct on the spot, there would be no more talk of impeachment!

HASTINGS: Possibly not, Macpherson. Meanwhile I am well content to hand over to you a peaceful and prosperous government, and return to England to meet my accusers face to face.

*Enter Sands, R.*

SANDS (*saluting*): The company await you, sir, in the supper room.

HASTINGS (*rising with Macpherson*): Come, Macpherson, let us join them.

*They go out, R.*

## CURTAIN

### ACT III. Scene II.

#### The Supper Room at Belvedere

The supper party discovered seated at a table in the shape of a horse shoe. The number should not be less than thirty. Of these, ten are ladies, dressed in the height of the fashion of the period. The men include soldiers and civilians in full dress. The dishes have been removed. Long-stemmed wine glasses, decanters of red wine and bowls of fruit and flowers are left on the table. The room is hung with coloured muslins and bunting and is brilliantly lit by chandeliers. In the centre of the table facing the audience are two vacant chairs. At the back of the stage C a big arch guarded by chobdars. Some of the men are smoking their hookahs, and at the rising of the curtain a number of Indian servants are seen flitting about attending to the guests. When the toasts begin the servants group themselves R and L. The two lawyers, Sir John Day and Sir Robert Chambers, with their ladies, are sitting R and L of the two vacant chairs. They are in black court dress with white full-bottomed wigs.

Francis Dibdin and Charles Sumner are seated R and L at the opposite horns of the horse shoe. To Dibdin's left is Miss Goldborne, a sprightly diarist of the period. To Sumner's right is Mrs. Fay, the wife of a barrister. As the curtain rises Mrs. Fay is heard speaking.

MRS. FAY (*to Sumner who is smoking*): La, Mr. Sumner, I declare you have become quite perfect in the use of the hookah. For my part it makes me sick if I attempt it.

SUMNER (*eagerly*): But not this one, ma'am. Honour me by tasting a most delicious chillum. Only suffer me to change the mouthpiece.

From his pocket he produces a mouthpiece, which he fits on the long snake-like tube of the hookah, and hands it to Mrs. Fay with a bow. She takes a puff, makes a wry face, hands him back the tube and quickly swallows some wine.

MRS. FAY: Faugh! It is horrible! I vow I will never make trial of a hookah again!

SUMNER (*stammering*): I entreat your pardon, ma'am.

LADY DAY (*on right of the vacant chair to Lady Chambers on the left of the vacant chair L*): I admire what is keeping Mr. Hastings away so long.

LADY CHAMBERS: Need you ask? He has retired to his sanctum to devour the latest letter from his beloved Marian.

SIR JOHN DAY (*on Lady Chambers' left*):

### Persons in the Play

WARREN HASTINGS .....	First Governor-General of India
PHILIP FRANCIS .....	Member of Council
MAJ.-GENERAL SIR JOHN CLAVERING .....	" "
COL. THE HON. GEORGE MONSON .....	" "
RICHARD BARWELL .....	" "
JOHN MACPHERSON .....	Hastings' Successor
MAHARAJAH NUNDKUMAR	
GEORGE FRANCIS GRAND	
SIR ELIJAH IMPEY .....	Chief Justice of Supreme Court
SIR ROBERT CHAMBERS...	Judge of Supreme Court
SIR JOHN DAY .....	Advocate-General
MR. DALLAS .....	Hastings' Counsel
MR. LAW .....	" "
MR. PLOMER .....	" "
THE LORD CHANCELLOR	LADY DAY
(Lord Loughborough)	LADY CHAMBERS
COL. HENRY WATSON	MADAM D'ARBLAY
COLONEL PEARSE	MRS. CHOLMONDELEY
DR. CAMPBELL	MRS. BOSCAWEN
EDMUND BURKE	LADY SARAH MANDEVILLE
DUKE OF NORFOLK	MRS. TIMMINS
MRS. GRAND	LADY IMPEY
MRS. HASTINGS	LADY CLAVERING
MISS BETTY SANDERSON	LADY ANNE MONSON
MRS. FAY	RICHARD BRINSLEY
MISS GOLDBORNE	SHERIDAN
	MR. WINDHAM

You've touched on his one weak spot, madam. For a strong man he is amazing weak where Mrs. Hastings is concerned.

LADY CHAMBERS (*tapping him with her fan*): Ah, Sir John—only strong men can afford to be so weak!

The curtain behind the vacant chairs are drawn aside and Captain Sands, advancing into the room, calls out:

"The Governor-General and Mr. Macpherson!"

The company rises as Hastings and Macpherson come in abreast. All eyes are fixed on Macpherson's impressive height. Several ladies whisper audibly:

"The new Governor-General. What a fine figure of a man he is!"

Hastings overhears this, turns to Macpherson with a smile and says:

"I told you so!"

The two advance to the vacant chairs. Hastings presents Macpherson to the two ladies. Macpherson bows and then both men sit down, the company following suit. Hastings then rises again.

HASTINGS: Are all our glasses charged? Then, ladies and gentlemen, this being the birthday of her gracious Majesty the Queen, I give you the double toast of the King and Queen—God Bless them!

The whole company rise and the toast is drunk to a chorus of "The King and Queen—God bless them!" The abdars fill all glasses when the company are once more seated.

SIR JOHN DAY (*rising*): And now, Gentlemen, I take on myself to give you a toast which I am sure you will drink with the utmost enthusiasm—to the Health of the Honourable Warren Hastings, Governor-General of India. To the man of serene temper, dauntless courage and iron will. To the man who has saved India from itself, and consolidated the Empire in this country! May all good fortune go with him when he returns to England—and may God confound his enemies!

There is a tremendous burst of cheering. The company

rises. The ladies blow kisses and wave their fans and handkerchiefs. The men hold aloft their long-stemmed glasses, each striving to catch Hastings' eye as he sits bowing repeatedly in acknowledgment. Then with shouts of "The Governor—God bless him!" the toast is drunk with three times three. Then the string orchestra plays a suitable plaintive air (this to be selected) in which the men join with effect.

When silence is restored, Hastings rises—the signal for a renewed outburst. His face is pale, but he is as composed as ever. At last he is permitted to speak.

HASTINGS: My friends, I thank you all. It is some compensation for the slanders uttered against me, that those who know me best are the last to believe them. What is before me when I return to England I know not; but I have the satisfaction of leaving behind me a successor in whose hands I feel that British interests will be secure. . . .

While the last sentence is being spoken the curtains behind him part, and Palmer hurries into the room. He is obviously under the influence of strong emotion. He comes straight up behind Hastings and hands him a paper. Hastings stops, looks round at Palmer and, seeing the expression of his face, opens the paper and reads it through his glass. Palmer falls back a pace or two and regards Hastings mournfully. The company, taken aback, stare at them both.

Presently Hastings lays the paper down carefully and, with bowed head, leaning slightly forward, supports himself with both hands resting on the table.

MRS. FAY. The Governor is ill! Call a physician!

Sumner starts up as though to obey this command when Hastings straightens himself and looks up. He wears a grim expression as he picks up the paper again and faces the company.

HASTINGS (raising his voice): My friends, Mr. Burke has carried his resolution. The House of Commons has determined to impeach me at the

bar of the House of Lords!

There is a shuddering silence. Everyone looks up at him open-mouthed and then at each other. There are sobs heard from some of the ladies, and oaths and mutterings from most of the men.

THE MEN (a dropping fire): "Damn the Commons!" "Curse Francis!" "Never, Sir!" "God bless Mr. Hastings!" "Three cheers for the Governor!"

The cheers are given again and again. Hastings' face relaxes into a smile. He holds up his hand for silence.

HASTINGS: Friends, I have not told you all. Would you know the chief ground of impeachment? 'Tis the deposition of Chait Singh, the prevention of a bloody revolution—and the salvation of Bengal!

SIR JOHN DAY: Impossible! Incredible!

HASTINGS: Incredible—but true. Listen to me all of you. Let me tell you what I will tell the House of Lords when I appear before them—if there is one act in the whole of my career for which I can take credit to myself, it is that. If the preservation of British rule in India is a crime, I am proud to have committed it!

Tumultuous applause. The company is roused to a tremendous pitch of excitement. Hastings again holds up his hand for silence.

HASTINGS: Friends, let us pass to a more agreeable topic. Let us drink to the health of my distinguished successor, Mr. Macpherson. May his governorship be attended by peace and prosperity—and may Parliament show him more gratitude at the laying down of his office than it is showing me!

CURTAIN

(TO BE CONTINUED)





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## New Books I can Recommend

BY THE LITERARY CRITIC

**A**MONG the latest books on Abyssinia is a new edition of "The Campaign of Adowa and the Rise of Menelik" (by G. F. H. Berkeley, with maps, Constable, 15s.).

This contains an admirably lucid account of Italy's earlier relations with Abyssinia and of the causes of the Italian disaster of 1896 at Adowa, showing how Menelik first made use of Italian assistance to strengthen his own position and then repudiated the Ucciali Treaty he had signed and how lack of preparation, divided counsels and faulty plans on the Italian side inevitably paved the way for crushing defeat.

### Backward and Arrogant Abyssinia

Another book, "The Real Abyssinia" (by Colonel C. F. Rey, C.M.G., with illustrations and map, Seeley Service, 10s. 6d.), gives us a somewhat sympathetic view of the Abyssinians and their present Negus, with whom the writer can claim a ten year friendship and acquaintance.

At the same time it makes no attempt to hide "the generally primitive conditions" of the country and its administration, "many features of which could not possibly commend themselves to European ideas"; and the author goes on to express his conviction that the admission of Abyssinia to the League of Nations was a grave mistake, preventing as it did the much needed reorganisation of the country under European guidance and advice and producing among the Abyssinians an arrogant and unaccommodating spirit towards the foreigner.

### Some Notable Biographies

As a sort of supplement to his trilogy of Diplomatic History Mr. Harold Nicolson has ventured into the rather risky business of writing the biography of a distinguished American of his own day ("Dwight Morrow," Constable, illustrated, 18s.).

It is Mr. Nicolson's claim that the ideas, methods and technique which Morrow followed so successfully late in life as a diplomatist were nothing more than the application, in a new sphere, of the principles and practices which he had already tested for himself as a corporation lawyer and banker.

And this gives his whole life a unity which enables Mr. Nicolson to pick his way adroitly through the intricate problems and controversies of Morrow's career to an illuminating and colourful portrait of the man himself.

Another American biography is that of "Edison, His Life, His Work, His Genius," by William Adams Simonds (Allen and Unwin, 10s. 6d.). Mr. Simonds' book pays just tribute both to the magnitude of Edison's work and to the qualities which contributed to his success as an inventor.

Marjorie Bowen has just added to her list of delightful historical studies an eminently readable biography of that extraordinary eighteenth century character—the ex-Sergeant-Major

pamphleteer William Cobbett, who was proud of his peasant ancestry and regarded himself as the typical Englishman of his age ("Peter Porcupine: A Study of William Cobbett," Longman's Green, 10s. 6d.).

### LATEST FICTION

There is fine characterisation in Miss Margaret Lane's first novel "Faith, Hope, No Charity" (Heinemann), a delicately written, moving tale of the East End of London.

"Introducing the Arnisons" by Edward Thompson (Macmillan), is a brilliantly realistic story of a middle class family's struggles in a squalid and spiritually decadent environment, with a subtlety in the telling that allows for frequent flashes of humour.

No one can write the simple slight story with greater artistry and charm than Mr. David Garnett and his "Beany-Eye" (Chatto and Windus, 5s.) will fascinate all its readers. Another slight but delightful tale is Reinhold Conrad Muschler's "One Unknown" (Putnam, translated by M. A. and E. V. Barker, 3s. 6d.). This is inspired by the famous death mask of "l'Inconnue de la Seine."

"The Founder of the House," by Naomi Jacob (Hutchinson) goes back to the beginning of the Golantz family and reveals once more Miss Jacob's gifts in depicting character.

Mr. Hugh Walpole can never be dull and though one was a little disappointed in "The Inquisitor" (Macmillan) it certainly is a book that deserves to be read. Much the same might be said of Mr. R. H. Mottram's latest literary experiment, "Flower Pot End" (Murray).

### Light and Amusing Tales

A new Wodehouse is perhaps the best prescription for a mood of depression and "The Luck of the Bodkins" (Herbert Jenkins) is well calculated to substitute laughter for gloom in the shortest possible space.

"Ask the Brave Soldier," by Mary Nicholson (Longmans), is a brightly told amusing story of military life.

Other lighter novels one can recommend are:

"Mistress of Paradise," by Florence Bone (Stanley Paul); "Bitter Glory," by Leon Thornber (Hutchinson); "Nancy Emery," by T. F. W. Hickey (Hurst and Blackett); "In the Days of His Youth," by E. H. Lacom Watson (Melrose); "Cockney Cavalcade," by George Ingram (Dennis Archer); "Second Thoughts," by Mary Le Bas (Nelson).

### Adventure, Crime and Mystery

Among the tales of adventure, crime and mystery I have recently read I would give pride of place to Mr. Cecil Roberts' "Volcano" (Hodder and Stoughton), Mr. P. C. Wren's "Spanish Maine" (Murray) and "The Riddle of John Rowe," by Winston Graham (Ward, Lock & Co.).

The following also are well worth reading:

"Camel Trek," by Rex Regan (Muller); "The Alleged Great Aunt," by Henry Mitchell Webster (Stanley Paul); "Terror Wave," by Hubert S. Banner (Hurst and Blackett); "Death Blew Out the Match," by Kathleen Moore Knight (Heinemann); "The Emerald Spider," by Gavin Holt (Hodder and Stoughton); "Death Turns Traitor," by Walter S. Masterman (Methuen).

All the Fiction, 7s. 6d., except where otherwise stated.

## CORRESPONDENCE

## England Expects — An Army

SIR,—I have the greatest admiration for Lady Houston on account of her persistent efforts to rouse the nation to its peril in allowing our defence forces to dwindle to such dangerous proportions.

Recently the state of the army has been somewhat obscured by the pressing need to enlarge the Air Force and rebuild the Navy. But since the farcical manœuvres public opinion has been directed to the tragic neglect in the development of the latest scientific devices for use in land warfare.

I hope Lady Houston will continue her patriotic campaign and will not rest until something is done.

Doncaster.

A. G. WELLS.

## A Splendid Example

DEAR MADAM,—

I think the way in which you keep pressing the government to make our fighting forces up to strength is simply splendid, as also is your magnificent lead in offering two hundred thousand pounds for the air defence of London. This, instead of being contemptuously refused, should have been gratefully accepted and taken as a lead to institute a nation-wide campaign for voluntary self sacrifice. There are, I am sure, millions of small patriots like myself who would cheerfully give what we could afford towards such a cause.

Chatham.

T. W. WILSON.

## Our Unarmed Soldiers

SIR,—May I congratulate you on reprinting the extract from the *Morning Post* on the present plight of the Army. It makes unpalatable reading; but it is absolutely necessary that the public should know the truth of this grave matter.

The general election is now close upon us and I consider it the duty of every elector to demand a pledge from his candidate to insist upon the immediate reconstruction not only of the Army, but of all our fighting forces. The present state of affairs is not only intolerable but perilous in the extreme.

Barnet, N.

J. H. MUSGRAVE.

## Starving the Army

SIR,—I fully agree with all you said about the Army in your last issue. This arm of the Service has been consistently starved for a period of years. Mechanical transport, the value of which was fully proved during the recent manœuvres, has not been developed as it should have been because the Army Council was refused the necessary funds, while in the matter of tanks we have, for the same reason, lagged behind other nations.

Yet the government complacently congratulates itself on balancing the Budget. Is this not rather like the man who congratulates himself on living within his income by omitting to pay his insurance premiums?

Wimbledon.

H. L. COMPTON.

## Britain Armed Means Peace

DEAR MADAM,—

Our politicians and parsons who babble so freely about peace seem to have forgotten an important historical fact—excusable perhaps in the former but not in the latter—which is that universal peace will reign *after*, but not before, what is commonly (but erroneously) called The Battle of Armageddon.

Our pacifists would also do well to ponder the authoritative statement that it is the strong man *armed* who is able to keep his palace and goods in peace.

Bridlington.

O. WHITTAKER.

## Government Folly

SIR,—Englishmen have watched our Government hand over India to any Eastern power who cares to have it and reduce our defences to danger point while claiming to be balancing our budget. Now our Government wishes to insult Italy.

France is quite right in saying that England and

France cannot be allowed to take part in any war or sanctions solely to please three million trade unionists and two million French communists.

In the next war that England fights, let it now be made clear that all ministers must join the first expeditionary force and those who are too old be made night watchmen of munition dumps. Let the next war be conducted not by politicians but by the three defence forces, which should be given complete control of the whole government of the country. This excellent suggestion was made at a Camberwell meeting recently.

What our Government wants is a clean out. We are tired of these so-called Conservatives who have no principles, who attack each other sometimes only to return to the fold the following year.

Conservative Club,

St. James Street, S.W.1.

JOHN A. SETON.

## Italy—Friend or Foe?

SIR,—Economic or military sanctions against Italy can only lead to war between the Great Powers of Europe. Nothing can justify the deliberate development of the Italo-Abyssinian conflict to such a climax, when no vital British interests are at stake. Any coercive measures, short of war, can only end in throwing Italy into the arms of a Hitlerite Germany, who, in common with Japan, has repudiated the League Covenant.

It is high time that public opinion in this country was mobilised against the present Geneva madness.

May I plead for space in your columns to invite those who are steadfastly opposed to our incurring the tremendous risk of a world war to send me their names and addresses.

49, Haverstock Hill,  
London, N.W.3.

F. VICTOR FISHER, Hon. Secretary,  
The British-Italian Council  
for Peace and Friendship.

## Our Pusillanimous Primate

DEAR MADAM,—

I wonder very much what view you take of that hopeless creature the Primate. Apparently the only thing that rouses him up is actual fighting (in which of course he takes the wrong side). *He has never* used strong language *even* about the loathsome cruelties of Russia and the Soviet.

God help us, having such a head and leader of the church.

D. L. S.

## The Dog it was that Died?

SIR,—The following is an extract from a recent evening paper:—

## THE PEACEMAKER

THE CABINET MINISTER WHO TRIED TO STOP A DOG FIGHT. "Mr. Ormsby Gore, First Commissioner of Works, had his arm in a sling at to-day's Cabinet meeting, because of a bite that he received when separating two dogs fighting yesterday."

Is it too much to hope that the rest of the Cabinet might yet regard this as an omen, and read the moral?

BENGAL LANCER.

Cavalry Club,  
127, Piccadilly, W.1.

## A Film Inaccuracy?

SIR,—I have just seen that splendid and patriotic film, "The Iron Duke," which has left me puzzled on a certain point. It represents the Duke of Wellington as making every possible effort to save Marshal Ney. This is quite contrary to some statements. Can any of your readers clear up the point?

WINIFRED ROBERTS.

Orleigh, Ipplepen,  
Newton Abbot.

## CORRESPONDENCE

## Lest We Forget

SIR,—In a great Conservative Journal there recently appeared a letter with which readers of the *Saturday Review* will thoroughly agree. It is headed "Fate of the Crown Colonies if certain People had their way," and criticises the subversive intentions of the Socialists.

Mr. Lansbury's proposal is to hand over the coast of Kent and the Pas de Calais to an international force composed of foreign mercenaries. The writer of the letter observes "a pleasant prospect this, for our French friends! I trust Kentish men and men of Kent will note Mr. Lansbury's benevolent intentions as regards their future before they cast a vote in favour of a Socialist Government."

Exactly! But the vicarious pseudo-Christianity of Mr. Lansbury and the Marxian ideals of Mr. Morrison and Co. concerning the Crown Colonies are in no wise different from the offer, unauthorised by Parliament, made by Sir S. Hoare to hand over to Italy a slice of British East Africa as one throws a piece of meat to hounds to call them off the scent.

I dislike Mr. Lansbury politically; but at least he is honest; he always has been a Socialist, open handed and generous to dispense what does not belong to him. Mr. MacDonald is of the same kidney, a Socialist in 1914 as he is now, a comforter of his country's foes, "the greatest asset of Germany" the Germans called him, and the promoter of a British Soviet taking orders from the monster Lenin.

Him, also, I understand and equally dislike. But what of "Aristides" Baldwin, put in the seat of power by the money and votes of Conservatives?

Am I, a voter, to condone and conveniently forget, like Mr. Churchill, the betrayal of India and the hideous anarchy which will boil over on the first occasion in that unhappy land? Am I to forget the sordid trade alliance made with the blood-stained Soviet and the invitation of the Soviet to the Council-chamber of Geneva?

The Pecksniffs and Chadbands are in full-cry for sanctions against Italy, but they found no difficulty in going behind the back of France to make a naval treaty with Germany. It was, moreover, with the approval of this same "Aristides" that, to please the U.S.A., we foreswore our alliance with Japan, an arrangement which was a sure counterpoise against the Bolshevisation of Eastern Asia, and American domination of the shores of the Pacific.

In times of excitement such solemn thoughts are apt to be swept away by propaganda, interested and persistent, which assails us through the Press, the cinema and "wireless."

Much as I dislike Socialism and its noisy tub-thumping, I still more fear and detest Liberal-Socialism posturing as Conservatism and, come what may, no votes that I can influence shall be cast for the Phariseism whose "ideal" is a Judæo-masonic League in Geneva.

23, St. James' Square, Bath.

F. R. LEE.

## The Great Bacon Scandal

SIR,—Further to the correspondence in your issue of 5th October, strong dissatisfaction with the Pigs Marketing Scheme has been expressed by members of The National Farmers Union Branches throughout the country.

The cause of the continual fall in wholesale prices is excessive imports from abroad, Denmark in particular.

So far the Pigs and Bacon Boards have been unable to arrive at a contract price for 1936. They have asked for an assurance that the Board of Trade would so administer the quotas that wholesale prices for bacon would not fall below 90/- per cwt. (Heavy losses are involved on both producers and curers when the wholesale price falls below this figure). The reply, from the Minister of Agriculture, for this assurance was not satisfactory, and of no assistance to the Boards.

Producers have been left in the dark about the points at issue and no progress reports have been issued to assist them in preparing their plans for next year's supplies. Many producers have decided not to sign contracts for 1936. If this practice is generally followed it will be impossible for the scheme to operate.

Producers are entirely in the hands of the graders. In grading there are three classes, each with five different grades, another class for overweights and an ungraded class for underweights. Altogether about 20 sections. Why all these grades when they are not passed through to the consumer?

Producers are fined £1 for every pig short of their contract. The Board of Trade should be fined for every cwt. imported over the quota. As your correspondents point out, a public enquiry should be opened immediately to find out who is responsible for ruining the industry just when there was a chance for it to succeed.

The only solution is to prohibit imports. Foreign countries should be notified that on a certain date, say in twelve months, all imports will be stopped. This could be worked on a graduated system whilst our industry is being built up. With this assurance producers would have confidence (now sadly lacking), and be able to plan their future output.

146, Downton Avenue, Streatham Hill,  
London, S.W.2

PHILIP A. MADDOCK.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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### MOTORING

#### MORE COMFORT THIS YEAR

BY SEFTON CUMMINGS

THOSE who have grown old in motoring and who have come to regard a motor car as a machine for transporting one from place to place in comfort will learn with relief that the passion for super-streamlining which disfigured the show last year has spent itself. This year the eye will not fall on ranks of bulbous-eyed toads, nor shall we be faced with the alternative of injuring our head or bashing in our billycock when getting in or out of a car.

This does not mean that next year's models will look like taxi-cabs of 1912 or that open four seaters will be entered from the back; on the contrary they will look just as smart and in many cases much smarter than last year. All that has been done is to eliminate exaggerations.

Independent front wheel springing, which came into the limelight last season, although Lancias had had it for years, will be found to have spread. There is now no room for doubt as to its great advantages; but time alone will prove what is the best system. I would like, however, to sound a word of warning by telling a true story.

#### *Story with a Moral*

A little while ago the chauffeur of a friend of mine was riding in a new model fitted with independent front springing while its performance was being demonstrated. Approaching a hump backed bridge he warned the demonstrator to go slowly; unfortunately the man was over-confident and, saying that this was quite unnecessary and that he was glad of the chance to show what the car would do, he put his foot on the accelerator. The result was that the whole thing leapt in the air and turned turtle and both occupants were seriously injured and taken to hospital. Whether independent springing increases this risk I do not know. The point is that it must not be treated as an instrument of magic.

I shall hope to see an extension of independent back wheel springing. Mercedes achieved this last year by means of an ingenious device which permitted the live axle to pivot from the differential. The actual springing was by spiral springs and a car so fitted stood the test of all the big Continental road races, being successful in many.

Telescopic steering columns are another refinement which adds greatly to the driver's comfort. There is little object in having a sliding seat which one can adjust so that one can work the pedals comfortably if one then has to reach forward and grip the steering wheel a couple of feet in front of one. With a telescopic steering column one can set the position of the wheel to suit one.

There has been a tendency all round either to increase engine capacity or to add larger models. Standard are building a sixteen and a light twenty and Lanchester are increasing the capacity of their "tens."

# The "SATURDAY REVIEW"

## REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS LICENSED

**ABERFELDY**, Perthshire. — Station Hotel. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowling.

**ALEXANDRIA**, Dumfriesshire. — Albert Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2s. 6d. Din., 3s. 6d. Fishing, Loch Lomond.

**AVIEMORE**, Inverness-shire. — Aviemore Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns. to 10 gns. Golf, Private. Fishing, shooting, riding, tennis.

**AYLESBURY**. — Bull's Head Hotel, Market Square. Bed., 24; Rec., 4. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., £2/7/6. Garden, golf, tennis, bowls, fishing.

**BAMBURGH, NORTHUMBERLAND**. — Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3. Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

**BELFAST**. — Kensington Hotel. Bed., 75; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 27/6. Golf, 10 mins., 2/6.

**BLACKPOOL**. — Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very moderate.

**BOURNE END**, Bucks. — The Spade Cak Hotel. Bed., 20. Rec., 4 and bar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

**BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE**. — Riggs Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 14 miles. Yachting, fishing.

**BRACKNELL**, Berkshire. — Station Hotel. Bed., 7; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ to 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 2 gns. Golf, riding.

**BRIGHTON**, Sussex. — Sixty-six Hotel. — Bed., 33; Rec., 5; Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E. from 32/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

**BROADSTAIRS**, Kent. — Grand Hotel. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Din., 6/6. Golf, tennis, bathing, dancing.

**BURFORD, OXON.** — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Golf, trout fishing, riding, hunting.

**BURY ST. EDMUNDS**, Suffolk. — Angel Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 2. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 2 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/6. Golf, fishing, racing.

**BUTTERMERE**, via Cockermouth. — Victoria Golf Hotel. Bed., 37; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 and 15/- per day. Golf, own private links. Fishing, boating.

**CALLENDER**, Perthshire. — Troasachs Hotel. Troasachs. Bed., 60. Pens., fr. 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

**CAMBRIDGE**. — Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 17/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles; boating, tennis.

**CARDIFF**. — Park Hotel, Park Place. Bed., 115; Rec., 4. Pens., 7 gns. W.E. (Sat. Lun. to Mon. Brkfst.), 37/6. Golf.

**CLOVELLY**. — New Inn, High Street. — Bed., 30; Rec., 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

**CLYNDERWEN**. — Castle Hotel, Maer-clochey. Pens., £2 10/- Lun., 1/6; Din., 2/6. Golf, 12 miles away.

**COMRIE**, Perthshire. — Ancaster Arms Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 3. Pens., £3 10/- W.E., 12/- per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowls.

**CONISTON, ENGLISH LAKES**. — The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from £5 10/- Golf, boating, putting green, tennis.

**DOWNDERRY, CORNWALL**. — Sea View Hotel. Bed., 9. Annex 5. Pens., from 3½ gns. W.E., from 35/- Golf, fishing, tennis.

**DUIVERTON**, Som. (border of Devon) — Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles. Fishing, riding, hunting, tennis.

**DUNDEE**. — The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant, Managed by Prop. Phone: 5095.

**ELEY**, Cambs. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20. Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £2/15/- Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/-. Boating.

**FALMOUTH**, Cornwall. — The Manor House, Hotel, Budock Vean. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. to 8 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

**GLASGOW, W.2**. — Belhaven Hotel, 22 to 23, Belhaven Terrace. Bed., 66; Rec., 6. Pens., from £3 5/- Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/- Tennis, golf.

**GLASGOW, C.2** — Grand Hotel, 569, Sauchiehall St., Charing Cross. Bed., 110. Pens., 6 gns.; W.E., 18/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

**GREAT MALVERN**, Worcestershire. — Royal Foley Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; W.E., 15/- to 17/6 day. Golf, putting green.

**GULLANE**, East Lothian. — Bisset's Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 16/- per day. Tennis courts. Golf, swimming, riding, bowling.

**HAMILTON**, Lanarkshire, Scotland. — Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., 25/- Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel. 164. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

**HASLEMERE**, Surrey. — Georgian Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., 35/- to 47/6. Tennis, golf.

**HERNE BAY**. — Miramar Hotel, Beltinge. Bed., 27; Rec., 2. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/- Golf, bowls, tennis, bathing.

**IFRACOMBE**, Devon. — Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns. Overlooking sea. All bedrooms with H. & C. Many with private bathrooms. Tennis.

**ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL**, High Street. Bed., 27; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating, bathing.

**INVERARY**. — Argyll Arms Hotel. Bed., 28. Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 18/- per day. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-. Golf, fishing, tennis.

**KESWICK**, English Lakes. — The Keswick Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns.; 6 gns. season. W.E. fr. 15/- per day. Golf, tennis, boating, bowls, fishing.

**KIBWORTH**. — The Rose and Crown, Kibworth, near Leicester. A.A., R.A.C. and B.F.S.S. appointed.

**LANGOLLEN**. — Grapes Hotel. Stay here for Comfort. Fishing, golf. H. & C.

**LANWRTYD WELLS**, Central Wales. — Dol-y-Coed Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 4. Pens., winter £4 7/6; sum., £4 15/- W.E., 30/- Golf, own course. Fishing, tennis.

**LOCH AWE**, Argyll. — Loch Awe Hotel. Phone: Dalnally 6. Bed., 70; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 to 8 gns. acc. to season. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating.

**LONDON**. — Barkston House Hotel, 1, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. Tel; Fro. 2259. Pens., 2½ to 3 gns.

**GORE HOTEL**, 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 36; Rec., 2 and cocktail bar. Pens., from 3½ gns. Tennis.

**GUILDFORD HOUSE HOTEL**, 56/7, Guildford Street, W.C.1.-T.; Terr. 5530. Rec., 1. Pens., £2 10/- Bridge.

**HOTEL STRATHCONA**, 25 & 26, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Bed., 30; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns. to 4½ gns. Table tennis.

**SHAFESBURY HOTEL**, Gt. St. Andrew Street, W.C.2. 2 mins. Leicester Sq. Tube. 250 Bedrooms, h. and c. water. Room, bath, breakfast, 7/6; double, 13/6.

**THE PLAZA HOTEL**, St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Bed., 100. Pens., from 4½ gns.; W.E., £1 16/6. Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/6.

**LOSSIEMOUTH**, Morayshire. — Stotfield Hotel. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. to £6 16/6. W.E., 36/- to 45/- Golf, fishing, bowling, tennis.

**LYNMOUTH**, N. Devon. — Bevan's Lyn Hotel. Bed., 48. Pens., from 4 to 6 gns. W.E., 26/- Lun., 3/6 and 4/-; Din., 5/6. Golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, dancing.

**MORTEHOE**, N. Devon. — Chichester Arms Hotel. Bed., 6; Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/- W.E., £1 7/- Golf, bathing.

**NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE**. — Central-Exchange Hotel, Grey Street. Bed., 70; Rec., 9. Pens., 24. W.E., 36/- Golf, fishing, bathing.

**OTTERBURN HALL HOTEL**. — Bed., 44; Rec., 3; Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from 45/- 5 hard courts. Golf on estate. Fishing.

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**NITON**, Nr. Ventnor, I.O.W. — Niton-Undercliff Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 4. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £2 5/- Golf, bathing, fishing, tennis.

**OCKHAM**, Surrey. — The Hautboy Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Tea, 1/9; Din., 6/- Golf.

**PADSTOW**, Cornwall. — Commercial Hotel. Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.; "Cookson," Padstow.

**PAIGNTON, DEVON**. — Radcliffe Hotel, Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., from 4 gns., from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E., 15/- to 18/- per day. Golf, tennis.

**PERTH**, Scotland. — Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 3; Pens., from 4 gns.; W.E., from 24/-; Lunch, 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Dinner, 6/- Garden. Golf, 3 courses within 6 mins.

**PETERBOROUGH**. — Saracen's Head Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ gns. W.E., 30/-; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, boating, horse-riding.

**PLYMOUTH**, Devon. — Central Hotel. Bed., 40; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Golf, tennis, bowls, sea and river fishing.

**PORTPATRICK, WIGTOWNSHIRE**. — Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 65. Pens., from £5 weekly. Golf, boating, bathing, tennis.

**RICHMOND**, Surrey. — Star & Garter Hotel. — England's historic, exquisite, romantic, social centre and Rendezvous.

**RIPON**, Yorks. — Unicorn Hotel, Market Place. Bed., 22. Pens., £4 7/6. W.E., 35/- Golf, fishing, bowls, tennis, dancing.

**ROSS-ON-WYE**. — Chase Hotel. Bed., 23; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., 37/6; Lunch, 2/6; Dinner, 4/- Golf, fishing, tennis, bowls.

**SALISBURY**, Wilt. — Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 399.

**SALOP**. — Talbot Hotel, Clebury Mortimer. Bed., 7; Rec., 1. Pens., 84/- Lun., 3/- and 3/6. Golf, Fordeminster.

**SCARBOROUGH, YORKS.** — Castle Hotel. Queen Street. Bed., 35. Pens., £3 12/6. W.E., 21/- Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

**THE RAVEN HALL HOTEL**, Ravenscar. Bed., 56; Rec., 5. Din., 6/- Golf, bowls, swimming, billiards, tennis, dancing.

**SIDMOUTH**. — Belmont Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., 6½ to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis, golf.

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### MISCELLANEOUS

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# THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

## Old Fashioned Liberals Win in Canada

By G. Delap Stevenson

THE Liberals have won the Canadian election and it is a victory for orthodoxy and the old order.

Of all the five parties in the fight the Liberals were the most cautious and old-fashioned.

The Co-operative Commonwealth Federation stood outright for Socialism, the Social Credit group for a fantastic revolution in the credit system, Mr. Stevens' Reconstructionists for radical changes within the frame of the capitalist system, while Mr. Bennett, the Conservative Prime Minister, went to the country with his New Deal half accomplished and proposals for a dynamic policy in the future.

The election has been long drawn out, fierce and confused. In a population of ten million, Canada has a million and a quarter dependent on relief. Bad harvests and low prices have shot to pieces her great wheat industry, till the Prairie farmers became desperate.

The election was fought in a depression hysteria, which was all the more violent because of the creed of optimism which in the past has been the breath of life to Canadians.

Before the depression Canada was a young country unacquainted with large scale disaster.

### Few clear cut Issues

There were apparently few clear cut issues in the election. At times indeed the rival candidates almost seemed to be borrowing from each others' programmes.

Underlying all the confusion, however, there was a real struggle between faith in the older order and the desire to try revolutionary remedies. The old order has won, but the strength of the revolutionary feeling was shown by the number of candidates put up and the successes of Social Credit in the West.

The defeat of Mr. Bennett was prophesied from the beginning and is easily understood, for he clashed with both tendencies.

As leader of the traditionally orthodox Conservatives, he was unacceptable to the revolutionaries, while his New Deal legislation and programme frightened orthodoxy and established interests.

Having been in power during the worst of the depression, he was blamed for all its distresses, which of course, were really part of a world condition outside the power of any Canadian Prime Minister.

Mr. Bennett also fought this election practically single-handed without the backing of a strong team of Ministers.

The election has been fought on local economics, but Imperial and International affairs have had at any rate a spasmodic influence.

The Canadians are determined to have nothing to do with the Abyssinian business, and it was feared that the Conservative tradition of Imperial co-operation might possibly involve Canada. The Liberal tradition of greater detachment was felt to be safer, and this told in particular with the French Canadians of Quebec.

The main questions before the electors have been tariffs and the Ottawa agreements, the extent and method of government participation in the disposal of wheat, the New Deal's social legislation, credit and currency (which includes the Social Credit experiment, proposals for nationalising the Bank of Canada, for reducing interest charges and for various forms of inflation), the Trade Commission set up by Mr. Bennett (its functions and the division of powers between the Dominion and the Provinces in trade matters) and finally the old question of the amalgamation of the railways.

All these economic questions are so complex and the proposals and promises concerning them have been so confused, that it is almost impossible to say at once how the Liberals will really deal with them.

Low tariffs have been the Liberals' most prominent and constant plank, but this again is an international and Imperial question, in which it is a case of doing what you can, rather than what you like.

As in any election fought on economics, sectional interests have cut across and confused the broad national issues.

One important result of the election is that the provinces and the centre are now of the same complexion, since the majority of the provinces have Liberal Governments.

## Flying Boats for Empire Airways

By Geoffrey Tebbutt

WHILE negotiations for the introduction in 1937 of the accelerated Empire airway system proceed through the tortuous paths of financial responsibility, technical organisation and the differing views of the postal authorities of Britain and the Dominions, the question of the type of transport chiefly to be employed seems to have been settled.

The releasing of the details of the first of the fleet of great new flying boats now under construction at Rochester for Imperial Airways implies that this country, at any rate, is firm for seagoing aircraft as the main units of the fleet of machines to serve the chief trunk routes.

The announcement of the specifications of the prototype of these flying-boats puts an end to the speculation which has for some months been indulged in as to the kind of aircraft which are to be used as the basis of the 1937 Imperial scheme.

The machines will cruise at about 160 m.p.h. their top speed is reckoned at "not far short of 260 m.p.h." A range of 1,500 miles can, if necessary, be obtained by some sacrifice of payload, so that they could be employed on the long and difficult stretch of unbroken water between Sydney and New Zealand.

As the flying-boats at present in use in the Mediterranean are probably the slowest aircraft on the Empire services, the new order will strike a greater contrast in speed and modernity of design than any improved type of landplane that could at present be chosen for this section. The British decision may give a lead to opinion in the Dominions.

### Australia's Hesitation

Australia, thinking of the sparsely populated interior which flying-boats cannot serve, and which has been one of the main spurs to airline development in the Commonwealth, was restrained in her approval of the original British proposal to make the main trunk line from London to Sydney one almost exclusively for flying-boats.

Australia is practically without experience of the commercial operation of marine aircraft. This may have accounted in part for her diffidence towards the British proposal, but those in authority are genuinely anxious that, in the main scheme of development, the needs of the interior—in some parts of which aviation offers the only logical means of travel—should not be neglected.

It is, therefore, significant to find Qantas Empire Airways, the leading Australian aviation company, which has operated exclusively with landplanes, coming out strongly in favour of the flying-boat for inter-Imperial services. Their experienced managing director, Mr. Hydson Fysh, sends me a copy of a pamphlet he has prepared setting forth reasoned arguments for marine aircraft.

He quotes the conclusion of Mr. Fergus McMaster, the chairman of the company, who recently returned from England after a close investigation of aviation methods here, as saying:

"The large flying-boat has the natural aerodrome of the sea, rivers and lakes, giving, if necessary, take-off facilities of a mile or more. Fuel is generally cheaper along the seaboard, and the flying-boat . . . lends itself to passenger requirements to a greater extent than any other form of air transport."

Mr. Fysh goes on to discuss the relation to defence of the country's civil air fleet.

"The flying-boat, with water as its aerodrome, when foreign aerodromes through a state of war or of neutrality might be closed, would have the greatest chance of keeping open an overseas line of communication. For patrol work to the north of Australia, where the ocean is dotted with islands but without landing grounds the self-contained large-unit flying-boat, operating as a ship but with the high speed of a modern flying machine, would appear to be of great value."

### In the Steps of Livingstone

SOMETHING entirely new in luxury cruises is in contemplation for next spring. It will enable travellers literally to follow the footsteps of Livingstone.

According to plans now being discussed by tourist authorities, a vessel will sail, via Madeira, to Lobito Bay, in Portuguese West Africa. Here the passengers will take train and, climbing to an altitude of 4,000 feet in twelve hours, travel along the big game haunted highland of Central Africa till they have crossed the whole continent to rejoin their ship in the Indian Ocean.

The first portion of the route is that once followed by David Livingstone. From their armchairs in up-to-date restaurant cars, the passengers will see the great slave road along which thousands of helpless negroes were driven to the coast, never to return, on their way to the plantations in the New World.

On leaving Angola, the train passes through the copper belt of the Katanga Province of the Belgian Congo and then turns south into Northern Rhodesia.

There will, of course, be a halt at the Victoria Falls, the spray from which wets the windows of the train as it crosses the bridge that spans the awesome gorge four hundred feet below.

In Southern Rhodesia, too, there will be opportunities to visit the resting place of Cecil Rhodes in the wild Matopos Mountains, the mysterious Zimbabwe Ruins that form the background of Rider Haggard's "She" and "King Solomon's Mines," and other points of interest on the high veld of the African plateau. Having crossed Africa from West to East, passengers will leave their train and re-embark at Beira, returning to England via Zanzibar and the Mediterranean.

### How New Zealand Sees It

By Pakeha

THE problem of immigration is being given much thought by the political leaders of New Zealand.

When the Prime Minister (Mr. G. W. Forbes) and the Minister of

Finance (Mr. J. G. Coates) were in London recently, they discussed the question with the British authorities, but no headway was made. As far as New Zealand is concerned immigration is still very much in the air.

This does not mean that New Zealand is opposed to immigration. For many years she encouraged it. The Dominion is proud of the fact that, excluding the native Maoris, 99 per cent. of her people are of British stock, and it is the fervent wish of every New Zealander that this percentage should be maintained.

Politically, New Zealand has preserved the closest ties with the Mother Country. It was New Zealand which made the strongest protest against the Statute of Westminster, which was designed to give the Dominions greater independence, and she has always ignored the provisions of that Statute.

However, she cannot ignore economic facts. She is faced with the maintenance of over 50,000 male unemployed out of a population of 1,500,000. Until this number is considerably reduced, she will not be in a position to welcome new settlers.

It is costing New Zealand about £4,500,000 per annum to maintain her unemployed army, which on a percentage basis is not much lower than the British figures, which include women.

There is also the further question—markets. New Zealand is still capable of great agricultural expansion, but at the present time that development is at a standstill owing to the uncertainty of overseas markets.

Great Britain has told the Dominions that her market is glutted, and foreign countries do not want our agricultural products.

In the north Island of New Zealand, three large areas have been developed by the Government for dairy farming, but this land has not been taken up by settlers simply because the price being realised for butter and cheese will not meet the costs of production. What hope is there for immigration while such a position exists?

The solution of the problem lies in a greater measure of reciprocal trading between the units of the Empire. Let us look less to the foreigner and more to our kith and kin. If this policy were adopted and practised unswervingly, the Empire could be built into a huge economic unit almost entirely free from the vicissitudes of the rest of the world.

If Great Britain would give the Dominions a clear-cut preference for their produce on the United Kingdom market, they would certainly reciprocate on their part. Then, it would be possible to talk about emigration, and a long term programme of redistributing the population of the Empire could be confidently undertaken.

This is the present view of New Zealand, and she has already intimated to the British Government that

she is willing to play her part in the building of the Empire along these lines.

The onus, as far as New Zealand is concerned, is now on Great Britain.

We of the Dominions want the British Government to realise that as long as Argentine and Denmark are crowding our produce out of the United Kingdom market, so long will the development of the Empire be stultified.

In 1914, when the Motherland was in danger, did the manhood of Argentine and Denmark rally round the Union Jack? The Dominions gave their men and their money without stint. They now ask for the same shoulder to shoulder policy in the economic relations of the Empire.

### African Natives as Film Stars

DIARIES have recently been received by the International Missionary Council in London from their film representative in Africa, Major L. A. Nottcutt, who is carrying out, with able assistance, an experiment of unusual interest.

It is to discover the best type of film to exhibit to the African native, and as was stated in the *Saturday Review* some months ago, when the expedition left England, much in the way of trade and social development in Africa depends on the final verdict.

The diaries are, naturally, not being made public, but I understand that they give full details of the completion of an experimental film programme which has already gone "on tour" from village to village, starting with an audience of 3,000 at Tanga, in Tanganyika territory.

All actors in the films, which were "shot" at Vugiri, in Tanganyika, are natives, and one of the difficulties was to find women actors. Unlike their Western sisters, the African women have no film star complex, and in many cases female parts had to be taken by boys.

A mixed programme was given, instructional films showing the preparation of hides, the growing of tea, uses of the Post Office Savings Bank, and the value of schools being interspersed with slapstick comedy, up to the real native tradition, travel films and drama based on native legend.

The sound accompaniment was in Swahili, and before the two years of the experiment have ended, the sound discs will be available in practically every leading native dialect.

At first, the natives received the treat prepared for them in somewhat stony silence, but the black and white magic of the cinematograph quickly works, and, according to Major Nottcutt's diaries, the sound commentary is very often drowned by enthusiastic exclamations, shouts, and raucous whistling—the African natives' way of expressing real appreciation.

Mr. G. C. Latham, director of the exhibition unit and formerly director of education in Northern Rhodesia,



is in charge of the touring programme, and is carefully noting the reaction of the audiences to different films.

In the meantime, Major Nottcutt is scouring round for new and interesting subjects, and is not without hope of unearthing an African Garbo or Charlie Chaplin.

The expedition has the support of the British Film Institute, but it is not intended that any public exhibition shall be given in this country. One or two of the films may, however, eventually be shown to scientific bodies over here and in America. The Carnegie Corporation of New York made a grant of £11,000 towards the experiment.

## FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

"Blackbirding" in the  
South Pacific

By Professor A. P. Newton

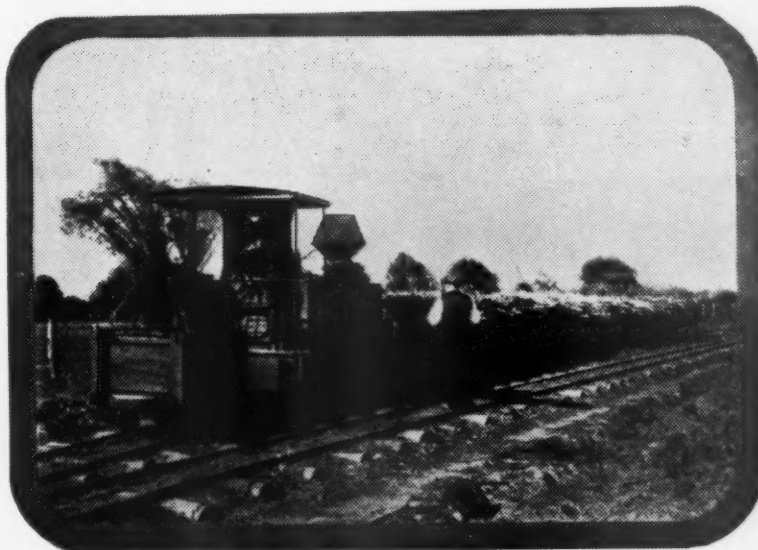
THE coming of white men into the South Pacific islands at the end of the nineteenth century began a long period of misery and degradation for the islanders that was only brought to an end seventy years later by the British annexation of Fiji in 1874 and the assumption of British responsibility for the maintenance of order in most of the scattered island groups of the Western Pacific.

The only redeeming force during that long period came from the devoted labours of the missionaries who were striving amid great dangers to stop cannibalism and head-hunting wars by preaching and teaching the gospel of peace.

There was no general rule or order preserved by a strong hand, but a floating body of white rogues and vagabonds wandered from island to island, driven on as the long arm of British justice stretched out from Sydney to put down some particularly atrocious evil.



Kanaka labourers. A shipload of South Sea Islanders, arriving at Bundaberg, the great sugar growing centre of Queensland, to work in the sugar plantations.



Cane train going to Marian Mill, Mackay, one of the finest sugar areas in Australia. Note spark-catcher to prevent sparks igniting plantations.

The responsibilities of the Colonial Office were so great in their management of native difficulties in South Africa and New Zealand that they were extremely reluctant to accept new burdens of government, and the appeals of the chiefs who desired to secure protection by the annexation of their islands to the British Empire were repeatedly refused.

At the middle of the nineteenth century the trade in the Pacific was almost entirely carried on by vessels that roved about among the island groups in search of sandal-wood and the sea slug or *beche-de-mer* which commanded high prices on the Chinese market. A little copra or dried coconut was also prepared by the natives and loaded when more valuable cargo could not be obtained.

There were very few resident white traders, and the sharp practices and cruelties of the baser sort of visiting ship-masters often left bitter desires for revenge among the islanders they had ill-treated, which resulted in sudden and treacherous attacks on the next white men who came that way, possibly missionaries who had come to work for the people's good.

It was thus that Bishop Patteson, the first Bishop of Melanesia, who was celebrated for his good work and kindness, was murdered in 1871 in the Santa Cruz islands in revenge for the kidnapping of the men of certain villages which had been carried out by some brutal white ship captains a little while before.

This kidnapping, or "blackbirding" as it was called, began about 1860, or a little earlier, when planters came to establish themselves in the islands to collect copra on a larger and more systematic scale and to attempt cotton growing in Fiji to supply the Lancashire market during the cotton famine caused by the American Civil War.

At the same time, cotton and sugar plantations were begun in Queensland, and since it was cheaper to obtain a supply of labour nearby

rather than importing Indians or Chinese, Kanakas or native labourers were introduced from the New Hebrides.

As the plantation industry grew in the northern parts of Queensland during the 'seventies, so more and more labourers were needed to supply it, and a regular trade grew up of recruiting Kanakas even in the remotest groups, under promise of what was high pay for the simple native for a stated period and a return to his own village when his contract was completed.

Even if such a system had been carried out by disciplined officials with all precautions, it could not have failed to lead to unfortunate consequences, but with the blackguards who took up the trade it gave rise to atrocious practices which were as bad or worse than those of the old West African slave trade.

A careful control was exercised over the importation of Kanakas into Queensland, and they were generally well treated, though the rate of mortality was very high, but in Fiji, which was entirely beyond British control, the plantations were the scene of serious evils.

So bad did things become from the kidnappings of pirates like Captain "Bully" Hayes and other scoundrels that in 1874, the British Government at last consented to annex the Fiji Islands and to assume general control by the establishment of a High Commissionership of the Western Pacific.

Public opinion in Australia revolted against the introduction of coloured labour, and during the 'eighties agitation went on first to control the trade by drastic kidnapping Acts and then to abolish it completely.

By 1890 it was decided in Queensland to import no further Kanakas and the whole of the great and prosperous sugar industry around Mackay in tropical Queensland is now successfully carried on by white labour.



# The City and Sanctions

By Our City Editor

**T**HE City does not believe in "sanctions." Economic restrictions on the activities of any nation at war are best placed by the working of normal economic laws; if a country has no money and her credit is low, no League of Nations is needed to stop sales of raw materials, manufactures, food, and other necessities to that country. Consequently the passing of resolutions placing a ban on public and private credits to Italy seems entirely fatuous whether or not one believes the continuance of the League to be a necessity in these strange times. So much difficulty has already been experienced by British exporters in obtaining settlement from Italian buyers that the stoppage of trade with Italy is not in itself a point calculated to put an immediate damper either on commodity or security markets and both have, in fact, remained remarkably firm having regard to all the other uncertainties which the present international trouble introduces. Recovery at home is proceeding despite all hindrances, and the weight of money constantly awaiting investment continues to be probably the most potent factor in maintaining what are, in many cases, artificial security values.

The prospects of an early Election, too, have strangely failed to disturb the Stock Markets, for it is realised that the situation has reached a point where it is essential to present to the world a unified national front. Rearmament must come, and as quickly as possible, and the City has consequently failed to regard an Election as a major issue when compared with the dangers which lurk elsewhere. But all the troubles which leave stock markets apparently confident have had a disastrous effect on business and a prolongation of bellicose discussion at Geneva can hardly fail in the long run to take its toll of progress at home. Already the new issue market has to all intents and purposes suspended operations and while this is not in all respects undesirable, it is a sign of the nervousness which is likely to spread from finance to commerce.

## The Rise in Commodities

In the past month there has been a steady but substantial rise in commodities, so that Reuter's Index now registers nearly 150 against 138 a month ago. Wheat has come up from about 6s. to

6s. 10d. per cental, Cotton from 6.22d. to 6.50d. per lb., Rubber from 5 9-16d. to 6 3-16d. per lb., Tin from £220 to £240 per ton, and Copper from under £34 to well over £36 per ton. In lead and zinc there have been sensational rises and commodity markets as a whole are behaving just as one would expect with the threat of war in the air — in more senses than one. While it is a good thing that commodity prices should be on the upgrade, the cause leaves room for dissatisfaction and it becomes necessary to judge whether prices will be maintained in more peaceful conditions.

To the shareholder in producing companies the rise is gratifying and particularly the upward movement in metals and in Rubber. There seems every justification for anticipating prosperity for Base Metal producers, for while some reaction from present prices is to be expected, higher levels than those ruling for some time past have come to stay and Tin shares in particular look attractive, with numerous yields of 9 or 10 per cent., and even more, available in the list. Rubber shares, on the other hand, have the prospect of poor results to come before the companies can report renewed recovery, for the long period of a sales price of under 6d. per lb. must have its effect on the current year's profits in the face of rising estate costs based on hopes of better things to come from the International Regulation scheme. Holders of Rubber shares, therefore, must continue patiently to take the long view.

## Harrisons and Crosfield

At the meeting of Harrisons and Crosfield Ltd. this week Mr. Eric Miller, the Chairman, whose views on the plantation industry command the closest attention, took quite an optimistic line on the outlook for Rubber, estimating that stocks had declined by 40,000 tons between June 1, 1934, and August 31 last, while invisible stocks in the hands of manufacturers had also declined appreciably. As U.K. stocks would have to be drawn on to meet immediate demand from any quarter, the actual position seemed to him stronger than was recognised. As regards Tea, the first half of 1935 was disappointing but, with smaller arrivals, stocks were declining and good quality teas were coming into their own again. He regarded the continuance of the International Tea agreement as essential. The company itself disclosed a strong liquid position in its balance-sheet and the carry forward now exceeds the amount required to pay a full year's dividend on both the preference and preferred ordinary stock.

**INSURE WITH**

*The London & Lancashire*

7, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON

### Bryant and May

The interim dividend declared by the directors of Bryant and May Ltd., has been increased from 6 per cent. to 10 per cent. tax free, but the Board state that it is intended to make the half-yearly payments less unequal and that the increase should not be taken to indicate an increase in the total dividend for the current year. The dividend for 1934-35 was 25 per cent. in all, tax free, so that the interim rate was previously rather small in relation to the final payment. The ordinary shares of Bryant and May Ltd. are held by the British Match Corporation whose reserves last year were strengthened by a bonus to the ordinary shareholders of Bryant and May of £250,000 from investment realisation and reserves.

### COMPANY MEETING

#### HARRISONS & CROSFIELD, LIMITED

*Mr. Eric Miller's Annual Review of the Tea and Rubber Position*

MR. ERIC MILLER'S speech at Tuesday's Annual Meeting of Harrisons & Crosfield, Ltd., included a comprehensive review of the Tea and Rubber industries, prefaced as usual by his comments on the Company's Balance Sheet which shows an increase in the already strong liquid position. The carry forward now exceeds the amount required to pay a full year's dividends on both the 6 per cent. Preference and the 10 per cent. Preferred Ordinary Stock.

Speaking about Tea, Mr. Miller said the first half of 1935 had been disappointing, but with smaller arrivals in the United Kingdom, where deliveries were keeping up well, the stock figures were 10 million lbs. less at the end of August than at the same date in 1934. During September, he said, buyers wakened up to the fact that the stock position had improved and under more active buying the price of clean common tea had risen by the end of that month to 11½d. A very satisfactory feature of the changed position is that good quality teas are coming into their own again and show a relatively greater improvement; since the new season's Indian crop came to auction practically all the gardens producing fine tea are realising from 4d. to 6d. per lb. more than their corresponding average a year ago, when, as I told you last year, there was too small a premium being paid for quality teas as against common. The greater prosperity which this country has enjoyed during the past twelve months has enabled people to spend a little more freely and to indulge their fancy for a somewhat higher grade of tea, because the public are beginning to realise that the cheapest tea is not the most economical. The advertising which has been done by the Propaganda Department of the International Committee in this direction has undoubtedly helped. They are extending this propaganda over a wide field and it is being very wisely co-ordinated in favour of tea in general rather than tea from any particular country. With the exception of Japan tea and fancy grades of China, the tea we drink with so much enjoyment is a scientific blend of many different growths from different countries and it is no disadvantage to any one producing country or estate that propaganda on their behalf should be done under the all-embracing name of Tea.

He then turned to the Rubber Industry and stated that any opinion he expressed must not be taken as representing the views of the International Rubber Regulation Committee. He compared price movements under the present international scheme with those that followed the introduction of the Stevenson scheme, and examining the stock position in general, not merely the London and Liverpool figures at which speculators look mainly, he estimated that world stocks had declined by over 40,000 tons between the 1st June, 1934, and the 31st August, 1935, whilst invisible stocks in the hands of manufacturers had also declined appreciably. As United Kingdom stocks would have to be drawn on to meet immediate demand from any quarter, the actual position seemed to him stronger than was generally recognised.

The Report and Accounts were unanimously adopted.

## THEATRE NOTES

### "The Pleasure Garden"

Grafton Theatre

By Beatrice Mayor

THIS is a play full of interest, acute observation and characterisation. The programme tells us that it has been performed in the State Theatres of Dresden, Amsterdam and The Hague. As we have no State Theatre it has been left to the Birmingham and Manchester Repertory Theatres and now the newly-opened Repertory Company at the little Grafton Theatre to give us this really first-class work. I cannot conceive that this play has not been read by the "commercial manager," so we must assume that that astute gentleman has considered it "not commercial"—i.e., a play that the general public would not pay in sufficient numbers to see.

Without presuming to say that the commercial manager is wrong, it is true that many plays of little value from any standpoint are put on in West End Theatres, and in nine cases out of ten the play that ultimately proves to be the biggest attraction is invariably the one that has been hawked round the town and rejected by all the big theatrical "noises."

All this, however, is another story, and it need only be said here that all true lovers of the theatre will be grateful to the Grafton Management for giving them the opportunity to see this first-class and consistently entertaining piece of work. Mr. Noel Iliff has contrived an excellent and convincing production with a minimum of scenery and space, and the acting generally is more than adequate. One can conceive some of the parts being better played by more experienced people of note, but in that event one might perhaps be too conscious of the well-known personalities of the players, whereas now each actor seems more truly to be the character he is portraying.

### "Two Share a Dwelling"

St. James's Theatre

By Alice Campbell

THERE is nothing new under the sun, but the Jekyll and Hyde plot has probably not been used quite so frequently as some, and Miss Alice Campbell has added a new twist by giving us a female character of dual personality. As a pathological study this subject may be profoundly interesting, but to be made so in the theatre it should have more of drama added to it than Miss Campbell has given us. Her heroine is very dull to watch when she is a good girl—and not very exciting when, for a few minutes only, we are allowed to see her naughty.

Miss Grete Mosheim, the latest German actress to honour us, played the part very well as far as it went. But it didn't go very far, nor did Miss Mosheim convey that she was capable of going very much farther with it, had the authoress decreed that she should. The best performances came from Miss Margaret Withers, Mr. Henry Hewitt and Mr. Wyndham Goldie, in difficult parts. In fact, Mr. Goldie was far more than ordinarily good; I predict that we shall soon hear much more of him.

C.S.

## BROADCASTING

## MUSICAL CHAIRS

BY ALAN HOWLAND

OCTOBER 1st has come and gone. Its passing meant little or nothing to some forty-odd million people in Britain, but to a few hundred souls at Broadcasting House it was a day of days. For on this date the Director of This became the Director of That at an increased salary, and certain junior members of the staff who for some years had looked upon the Director of The Other as their temporal lord found their allegiance officially transferred to the Director of Something Else. The B.B.C. gave itself a New Deal, and when the B.B.C. does a thing like that you would be amazed to discover how many aces there are in the pack.

An amusing feature of this highly diverting game of musical chairs has been the publicity which it has received. Officials who have been wallowing in highly-paid obscurity have seen their names in print for the first time. O.C. Paper-Clips considers himself a national figure and the Assistant Controller of Charladies realises with pride that fame has at last come his way.

*Back-Slapping*

All this jiggery-pokery means absolutely nothing. At the most it will provide a further excuse for mutual back-slapping in the dim corridors of Broadcasting House and perhaps an extra one for the road at the B.B.C. annexe in Chandos Street. Its effect on the programme has been and will continue to be completely negligible. I do not imagine for one moment that Mr. John Watt will be less facetious merely because Mr. B. E. Nicolls has been elevated to the rank of Assistant Controller, nor do I anticipate any improvement in Mr. Henry Hall's band simply because, whereas Mr. Graves used to assist Mr. Eckersley, Mr. Eckersley is now assisting Mr. Graves.

Eric ("Castor") Maschwitz and Val ("Pollux") Gielgud will pursue their modest way whether Mr. R. E. L. Wellington describes himself as Programme Planning Director or Director of Programme Planning, and the announcers will continue to speak of the "Elbert" Hall and "Orstralierandafricah" whoever happens to be in charge of the liftman.

Along with some millions of my fellow-listeners I am more concerned with the quality of the programmes than with the perpetual job-swapping and publicity-mongering of the B.B.C. boys, and I simply do not believe in old Graves in new bottles. If the B.B.C. showed the slightest sign of making a sincere effort to provide the public with better entertainment it would receive my unswerving support, but so long as it dissipates its energies—to say nothing of the licence-holders' money—in an unprofitable and undignified game of departmental general post I shall continue to regard it with suspicion not unmixed with contempt.

## CINEMA

## SHAKESPEARE ON THE SCREEN

BY MARK FORREST

IT seems rather ridiculous that it should apparently be necessary at this late hour to reiterate what the real function of the cinema should be. However, for those people who don't know—and there appear to be a number—the object of the cinema is to entertain through the medium of the eye. This object was wholly attained before the sound track was invented; after that there was a great deal of confusion which has been heightened by certain able people who, forgetting or ignoring the primary purpose, have tried to make the cinema an appendage of the stage.

The foregoing is prompted by two events—the recent result of a ballot in which two thousand people took part and the production of *A Midsummer's Night Dream*. To take the ballot first; in answer to the question whether the readers of the advertisement would like to see Shakespeare's plays upon the screen there were 5,763 affirmative replies and 4,175 negative ones; in other words six people out of ten were in favour of it. Ten thousand was a fair number in the days of Xenophon, but it represents an extremely small proportion of daily cinemagoers, and it can be readily argued that the ballot is quite useless as a guide to reach any real conclusion.

*Words, Not Action*

Nevertheless, tempted by the apparent support for the project, British companies may be misguided enough to venture, and one British producer, Mr. Basil Dean, has already announced his intention of doing so. Instead of thanking heaven that Hollywood had loaded its back with such a white elephant Mr. Dean has ridden furiously into the lists, folio in hand, shouting that Shakespeare belongs to us and it is a disgrace to the nation that America should be allowed to seize him.

I was taught, and I still believe, that Shakespeare is the supreme master of the English tongue, and it follows from that, or should, that his genius lies in weaving words. If, therefore, he is put upon the screen either his speeches are going to be cut to ribbons to make room for cinematic action, or there is going to be little or no cinematic action. In either event the picture will please no-one.

What exactly happens when he is put upon the screen may be gathered by Mr. Reinhardt's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which is at the Adelphi. This film has been preceded by an immense amount of publicity, but if anyone imagines that, taking a line from the ballot, the odds are six to four on its success, they are ripe for an asylum.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St.. Ger. 2981.

SOMETHING NEW FROM RUSSIA!

A Riot of Fun that has set all Europe Laughing!

ALEXANDROV'S "JAZZ COMEDY" (U)

LAST WEEK



# LADY HOUSTON'S COLD CURE

In the days of Good Queen Victoria, who, wholly to our advantage, ruled us with a rod of iron and made her Ministers shiver in their shoes, there lived a celebrated physician named Dr. Abernethy, famed alike for his skill and his *rudeness*, of whom this story is told:

"Well, what's the matter with you?" said Dr. Abernethy to a new patient entering his consulting room.

"Only a cold," said the patient, timidly.

"Only a cold," said the great man; "what more do you want—the *plague*?"

I tell you this in order to impress upon you how important it is not to neglect a cold, and how you should *immediately* take every means to fight it tooth and nail. A cold is the forerunner of pneumonia, and bronchitis, and very often ends in death.

My cure for a cold is the amalgamated wisdom of many famous Doctors. Here it is:—

Immediately the slightest sign of a cold shows itself, the wisest thing to do is to go straight to bed, with a hot water bottle, wrap your head in a shawl and try and sweat it out—taking the remedies I am going to give you forthwith. But if you cannot go to bed it will, of course, take longer to cure you.

## THE CURE

**(This is not for lazy people!)**

Start with a nasal douche by sniffing up your nostrils and gargling your throat with a teaspoonful of mild disinfectant (such as Listerine) or, what is equally good, a teaspoonful of salt (not Cerebos) dissolved in a tumblerful of hot water. This must be done *immediately*, and always before and after food.

Next take at least 2, perhaps 3, tablespoonsful of Castor Oil (this, of course, you won't like, but it is very necessary). The way to take Castor Oil so that you don't taste it is to cut an orange in two, then fill a tablespoon with the oil, swallow it quickly and suck the orange, and you won't taste the oil at all.

Take half a small teaspoonful of Langdale's Cinnamon in water three times during the day.

You should take your temperature and, if above normal, take 10 grains of Salicine (buy half a dozen packets of this drug—10 grains in each packet—and take one every two hours, taking not more than 3 doses in all). This, of course, is only for fever.

From the moment the cold starts, drink quantities of very hot water, as hot as you can sip it—about 2 big tumblers full at least every 2 hours.

Orange juice is very good taken for a cold, and also is the juice of a lemon if put into the hot water, or home-made lemonade, made with lemons cut up, with plenty of sugar, put into a jug with boiling water. This can be taken instead of the plain hot water.

Steep a small piece of cotton wool with Byard's Oil and put it up your nostrils and round your gums, several times during the day and night, and after drinking the hot water.

If you have a cough, Gee's Cough Linctus should be taken.

If the cough is very tiresome at night, a teaspoonful of yellow vaseline acts like magic and stops the cough immediately.

If the cold is not better after one day, continue the whole treatment again for another day, but if after two days there is no improvement, *which is most unlikely*, there must be complications and it would be best for you to consult a Doctor.

Lady Houston wishes it understood that this cold cure is only for a cold when it first makes its appearance and *not* for one that has been on for some time and becomes serious, or for bronchitis and pneumonia, but it will be found very useful for curing the cold before it becomes serious.

*The Drugs to buy:—Listerine, Castor Oil, Byard's Oil, Langdale's Cinnamon, Gee's Cough Linctus, Yellow Vaseline.*

If this remedy cures you, and I hope and believe it will, please report to me, and in payment let your fee be—just saying—God bless Lady Houston.

L.H.

# Mr. BALDWIN'S "SHEET ANCHOR"

BY LUCY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

What is the League of Nations? It is a League designed by the late American President Wilson which the American Nation very wisely refused to have anything to do with—FOISTED BY HIM ON ENGLAND—which Mr. Baldwin now actually describes to a Yorkshire audience as the "SHEET ANCHOR" OF THE GOVERNMENT!!

The Policy of the League of Nations is to denationalise nations and destroy their individuality. It is pernicious and destructive to the independence of the people—by usurping their sovereignty, and although it has no power and no right to do so—it orders countries to War over quarrels which do not concern them! The League of Nations is inherently Socialist, international and communistic.

YET THE LEADER OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY DOES NOT HESITATE TO ASK HIS FOLLOWERS TO SUPPORT THIS ORGANISATION WHICH STRIKES AT THE VERY HEART OF CONSERVATISM AND FREEDOM—AND CALLS IT THE "SHEET ANCHOR" OF HIS GOVERNMENT—A statement I flatly contradict. THE "SHEET ANCHOR" OF ENGLAND ALWAYS HAS BEEN A GREAT AND GLORIOUS NAVY.

Now as Mr. Baldwin is only in his present position through the votes of Conservatives who put him there and who voted for a Conservative Government—let us ask ourselves this question:—

## WHAT IS CONSERVATISM?

As its name implies it represents that vast body of English opinion that seeks to CONSERVE certain recognised principles of Government—and all the great reforms in the last century have been on the initiative of Conservatives—as one can find out by reading history.

The first principle of CONSERVATISM—is the preservation of the MONARCHY—**which Sir Stafford Cripps wishes to destroy**—strengthening the ties of Empire by bringing the Dominions and Colonies into the closest relationship with the Mother Country and—ABOVE ALL AND BEFORE ALL—maintaining the Armed Forces of the Realm on the same high level that has always made our national will predominant and respected in the councils of Europe because our Navy was invincible. Conservative principles are simple but they aim fundamentally in preserving the safety of every Englishman and Englishwoman.

It is a bird of ill omen that soils the nest that it was reared in—but that is exactly what Stanley Baldwin has done. Nurtured in Conservatism he owes his great position as Leader of the Conservative Party to Conservatives. Where would he be to-day if Conservatives—foolishly against their better judgment—had not listened to his crocodile tears a few years ago and permitted him to carry on again after they knew in their hearts that he had failed them and that they could not trust him and they were right in doubting him and wishing to get rid of him for, in the vernacular of the day, "He has done them dirty."

So that—as this proves—Mr. Baldwin's position depends entirely upon Conservatism and yet he has thrown all Conservative principles to the winds and it is the duty of all who love their King and country to DENOUNCE THIS FRAUDULENT DICTATORSHIP CALLING ITSELF "NATIONAL" which has basely betrayed the Country by squandering the Nation's resources, weakening its faith, breaking its heart and destroying its very soul.

And remember that Mussolini—Mussolini alone—has saved us from the humiliating and disgraceful gesture by which Mr. Eden tried to bribe him—but he has not yet answered my question—What was the bribe he promised to Russia—WAS IT INDIA?